The Magazine of Better America

Red Cross Magazine

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Beginning "THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE"
By Irving Bacheller

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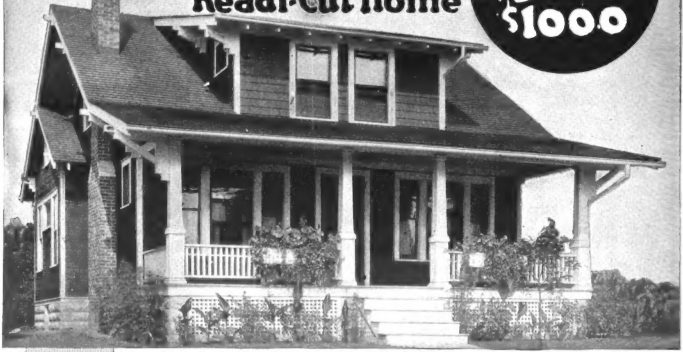

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The Magazine of Better America

Red Cross Magazine

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE APRIL, 1920 VOL. XV, No. 4

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The subscription rate is $1.50 per year; foreign $2.00. Individual copies 20 cents. Please allow six weeks for changes in address to become effective. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized on August 22, 1919. Please address all correspondence to 124 East 28th St., New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1920, by the American National Red Cross. Published monthly by the American National Red Cross at New York, N. Y.

The Magazine of Better America
Red Cross Magazine

LEST WE FORGET

The poem was written by the author just before he was going to the operating table for the third time. We are publishing it to pass on the reminder to you.

THE TOTALLY DISABLED

By Stuart N. Lake

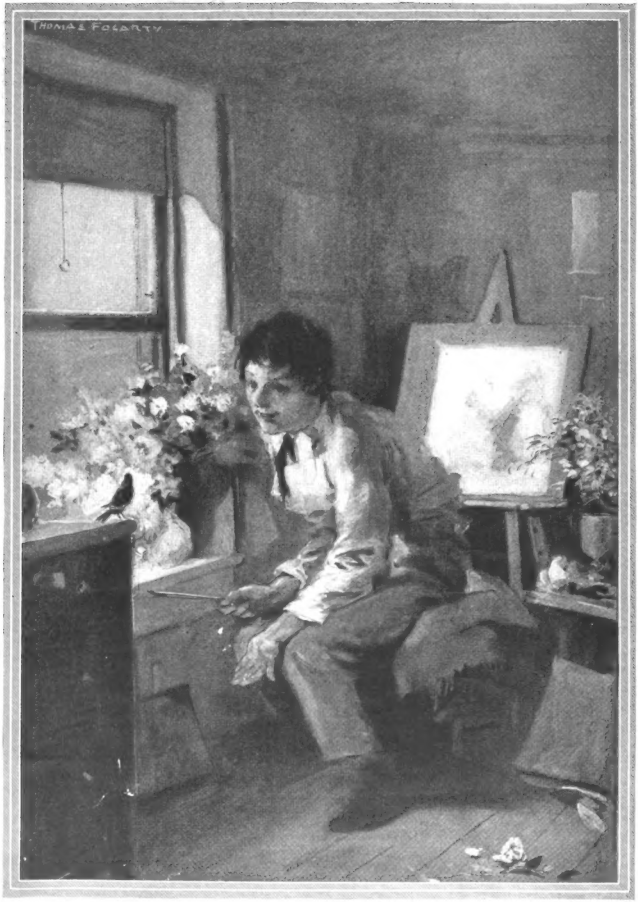
MOST of the guys we knew in France,
Are back in civil life,
Where the only reminder that war is hell,
Is a scrap now and then with the wife;—
But we must battle on and on
And never dare to quit,
For a brand new fight is on our hands
And we must do our bit—
We're Totally Disabled!

Up from the South the warm wind comes
With the news of another Spring,
And the guys we knew in the A. E. F.
Are out where the birdies sing;
The blood in our veins is just as red
As it was three years ago,
And we still can yearn to the thrill of sport,
Though it's all in vain, we know,—
We're Totally Disabled!

Most of the guys we soldiered with
Can answer the season's call;—
They'll be up in the stands or out on the lot
When the umpire yells "Play ball!";—
We can only squirm in our plaster casts,
Or shift our crutches a bit,
And memory must substitute
For the whang of the three-base hit—
We're Totally Disabled!

In the stirring warmth of the sports man's sun
The whole of the world's at play,
And the gang we knew in the A. E. F.
Is out in the van, they say;—
But we must do our playing, now,
On the field of some sporting sheet,
And play a game that is new and tough,
And never brook defeat—
You can't when you're disabled!

Eighty bucks, the government says,
Is to be our monthly pay;—
A million a month could never make up
For the unsated urge to play!
You guys that we knew in the A. E. F.
When the game gets hot, recall
That, mentally, every one of us,
Is in there, lamming the ball!—
Though Totally Disabled!



Painted by Thomas Fogarty

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF THE BIRDS

"He was a spirit untouched by evil
thoughts—unbroken to thorny ways.
He still had the heart of childhood
and saw only the beauty of the world"

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "A Man for the Ages", "The Light in the Clearing", "Keeping up with Lizzie", etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

MR. BACHELLER wrote this story for you. He knows your confusion, your doubts and your worry at the trend of present-day affairs. You stand disturbed, harassed, aghast before the great sweep of unrest—the rising costs of everything—the problem of help—the disaffected worker—and the steadily gnawing deterioration of the old American ideals. He knows that, and in this story he shows the clash of the new, corroding, materialistic aims with the old, sturdy, strengthening American ideals that still hold us steadfast to the good

CHAPTER ONE

Which Introduces the Shepherd of the Birds

THE day that Henry Smix met and embraced Gasoline Power and went up Main Street hand in hand with it is not yet forgotten. It was a hasty marriage, so to speak, and the results of it were truly deplorable. Their little journey produced an effect on the nerves and the remote future history of Bingville. They rushed at a group of citizens who were watching them, scattered it hither and thither, broke down a section of Mrs. Risley's picket fence and ran over a small boy. At the end of their brief acquaintance, Gasoline Power seemed to express its opinion of Mr. Smix by hurling him against a telegraph pole and running wild in the park until it cooled its passion in the fountain pool. In the language of Hiram Blenkinsop, the place was badly "smixed up." Yet Mr. Smix was the object of unmerited criticism. He was like many other men in that quiet village—slow, deliberate, harmless and good-natured. The action of his intellect was not at all like that of a gasoline engine. Between the swiftness of the one and the slowness of the other, there was a wide zone full of possibilities. The engine had accomplished many things while Mr. Smix's intellect was getting ready to begin to act.

In speaking of this adventure, Hiram Blenkinsop made a wise remark: "My married life learnt me one thing," said he. "If you are thinkin' of hitchin' up a wild horse with a tame one, be careful that the tame one is the stoutest or it will do him no good."

The event had its tragic side and whatever Hiram Blenkinsop and other citizens of questionable taste may have said of it, the historian has no intention of treating it lightly. Mr. Smix and his neighbor's fence could be repaired but not the small boy—Robert Emmet Moran, six years old, the son of the widow Moran who took in washing. He was in the nature of a sacrifice to the new god. He became a beloved cripple, known as the Shepherd of the Birds and altogether the most cheerful person in the village. His world was a little room on the second floor of his mother's cottage overlooking the big flower garden of Judge Crooker—his father having been the gardener and coachman of the Judge. When the spring arrived that garden with its birds and flowers became a source of joy and companionship for the little lad. Sitting by the open window, he used to talk to Pat Crowley who was getting the ground ready for sowing. Later the slow procession of the flowers passed under the boy's window and greeted him with its fragrance and color. But his most intimate friends were the birds. Robins, in the elm tree just beyond the window woke him in the morning. When he made his way to the casement, with the aid of two ropes which spanned his room, they came to him lighting on his wrists and hands and clamoring for the seeds and crumbs which he was wont to feed them. Indeed, little Bob Moran soon learned the pretty lingo of every feathered tribe that camped in the garden. He could sound the pan pipe of the robin, the fairy flute of the oriole, the noisy guitar of the bobolink and the little piccolo of the song sparrow. Many of these dear friends of his came into the room and explored the rubber tree and sang in its branches. A colony of barn swallows lived under the eaves of the old weathered shed on the far side of the garden. There were many windows there each with a saucy head looking out of it. Suddenly half a dozen of these merry people would rush into the air and fill it with their frolic. They were like a lot of laughing school boys skating over invisible hills and hollows.

With a pair of field glasses, which Mrs. Crooker had loaned to him, Bob Moran had learned the nest habits of the whole summer colony in that wonderful garden. All day he sat by the open window with his work, an

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air gun at his side. The robins would shout a warning to Bob when a cat strolled into that little paradise. Then he would drop his brushes, seize his gun and presently its missile would go whizzing through the air, straight against the side of the cat, who, feeling the sting of it, would bound through the flower beds and leap over the fence to avoid further punishment. Bob had also made an electric searchlight out of his father's old hunting jack and, when those red-breasted policemen sounded their alarm at night, he was out of bed in a jiffy and sweeping the tree tops with a broom of light, the jack on his forehead. If he discovered a pair of eyes, the stinging missiles flew toward them in the light stream until the intruder was dislodged. Indeed, he was like a shepherd of old, keeping the wolves from his flock. It was the parish priest who first called him the Shepherd of the Birds.

Just opposite his window was the stub of an old pine partly covered with Virginia Creeper. Near the top of it was a round hole and beyond it a small cavern which held the nest of a pair of robins. Sometimes, as the female sat with her gray head protruding from this tiny oriel window of hers looking across at Bob. He used to call her "The little old woman that lived in a tree!" He thought her an ill-natured person who scolded her husband more than was quite becoming.

WHAT a theatre of unpremeditated art was this beautiful big garden of the Judge! There were those who felt sorry for Bob Moran but his life was fuller and happier than theirs. It is doubtful if any of the world's travelers saw more of its beauty than he did sitting beside his window of a summer day.

He had sugared the window-sill so that he always had company—bees and wasps and butterflies. The latter had interested him since the Judge had called them "stray thoughts of God." Their white, yellow and blue wings were always flashing in the warm sunlit spaces of the garden. He loved the chorus of an August night and often sat by his window listening to the songs of the tree-crickets and katydids and seeing the innumerable firefly lanterns flashing among the flowers.

His work was painting scenes in the garden, especially bird tricks and attitudes. For this, he was indebted to Susan Baker who had given him paints and brushes and taught him how to use them, and to an unusual aptitude for drawing.

One day Mrs. Baker brought her daughter Pauline with her—a pretty blue-eyed girl with curly blonde hair, four years older than Bob who was thirteen when his painting began. The Shepherd looked at her with an exclamation of delight; until then he had never seen a beautiful young maiden. Homely, ill-clad daughters of the working folk had come to his room with field flowers now and then, but no one like Pauline. He felt her hair and looked wistfully into her face and said that she was like pink and white and yellow roses. She was a discovery—a new kind of human being. Often he thought of her as he sat looking out of the window and often he dreamed of her at night.

The little Shepherd of the Birds was not quite a boy. He was a spirit untouched by any earthly thought, unbroken to lures and thorny ways. He still had the heart of childhood and saw only the beauty of the world. He was like the flowers and birds of the garden, strangely fair and winsome, with silken, dark hair curling about his brows. He had large, clear, brown eyes, a mouth delicate as a girl's and teeth very white and shapely. The Bakers had lifted the boundaries of his life and extended his vision. He found a new joy in studying flower forms and in imitating their colors on canvas.

Now, indeed there was not a happier lad in the village than this young prisoner in one of the two upper bedrooms in the small cottage of the widow Moran. True, he had moments of longing for his lost freedom when he heard the shouts of the boys in the street and their feet hurrying by on the sidewalk. One evening, as his mother sat reading an old love tale to the boy, he stopped her.

"Mother," he said, "I love Pauline. Do you think it would be all right for me to tell her?

"Never a word," said the good woman. "Ye see it's this way, my little son, ye're like a priest an' it's not the right thing for a priest."

"I don't want to be a priest," said he impatiently.

"Tut tut, my laddie-boy! It's for God to say an' for us to obey," she answered.

WINTERS he spent deep in books out of Judge Crooker's library and tending his potted plants and painting them and the thick blanket of snow in the garden. Among the happiest moments of his life were those that followed his mother's return from the post-office with *The Bingville Sentinel*. Then, as the widow was wont to say, he was like a dog with a bone. To him, Bingville was like Rome in the ancient world or London in the British Empire. All roads led to Bingville. *The Sentinel* was in the nature of a habit. One issue was like unto another—as like as "two chaws off the same plug of tobaccer," a citizen had once said. Its editor performed his jokes with a wink and a nudge as if he were saying: "I will now touch the light, gentle." Anything important in the *Sentinel* would have been as misplaced as a cannon in a meeting-house. Every week it caught the toy balloons of gossip, the thistle-down events which were floating in the still air of Bingville. The *Sentinel* was a dissipation as enjoyable and as inexplicable as tea. It contained portraits of leading citizens, accounts of sundry goings and comings, ard teas and parties and student frolics.

To the little Shepherd, Bingville was the capital of the world and Mr. J. Patterson Bing, the first citizen of Bingville, who employed seven hundred men and had four automobiles, was a gigantic figure whose shadow stretched across the earth. There were two people in his thoughts and dreams and conversation—Pauline Baker and J. Patterson Bing. Often there were articles in the *Sentinel* regarding the great enterprises of Mr. Bing and the social successes of the Bing family in the metropolis. These he read with hungry interest. His favorite heroes were George Washington, St. Francis and J. Patterson Bing. As between the three he would, secretly, have voted for Mr. Bing. Indeed, he and his friends and intimates—the four bed-posts and the rubber tree and the little pine bureau and the round nickel clock—had all voted for Mr. Bing. But he had never seen the great man.

Mr. Bing sent Mrs. Moran a check every Christmas and, now and then, some little gift to Bob, but his charities were strictly impersonal. He used to say that while he was glad to help the poor and the sick, he hadn't time to call on them. Once, Mrs. Bing promised the widow that she and her husband would go to see Bob on Christmas day. The little Shepherd asked his mother to hang his best pictures on the walls and to decorate them with sprigs of cedar. He put on his starched shirt and collar and silk tie and a new black coat which his mother had given him. The Christmas bells never rang so merrily.

THE great white bird in the Congregational Church tower—that being Bob's thought of it—flew out across the valley with its tidings of good will.

To the little Shepherd it seemed to say: "Bing — Bing, — Bing — Bing — Bing! Com-ing, Com-ing, Coming!"

Many of the friends of his mother—mostly poor folk of the parish who worked in the mill—came with simple gifts and happy greetings. There were those among them who thought it a blessing to look upon the sweet face of Bob and to hear his merry laughter over some playful bit of gossip and Judge Crooker said that they were quite right about it. Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Bing were never to feel this blessing. The Shepherd of the Birds waited in vain for them that Christmas day. Mrs. Bing sent a letter of kindly greeting and a twenty-dollar gold piece and explained that her husband was not feeling "quite up to the mark," which was true.

"I'm not going," he said decisively when Mrs. Bing brought the matter up as he was smoking in the library an hour or so after dinner. "No cripples and misery in mine at present, thank you! I wouldn't get over it for a week. Just send them our best wishes and a twenty-dollar gold piece."

There were tears in the Shepherd's eyes when his mother helped him into his night clothes that evening.

"I hate that twenty-dollar gold piece!" he exclaimed.

"Laddie boy! Why should ye be sayin' that?"

The shiny piece of metal was lying on the window-sill. She took it in her hand.

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Susan sent in a summons with the apple pie. She would be glad to see Mrs. Bing in the kitchen after dinner

"It's as cold as a snow-bank!" she exclaimed.

"I don't want to touch it! I'm shivering now," said the Shepherd. "Put it away in the drawer. It makes me sick. It cheated me out of seeing Mr. Bing."

Chapter Two

The Founding of the Phyllistines

ONE little word largely accounted for the success of J. Patterson Bing. It was the word "no." It saved him in moments which would have been full of peril for other men. He had never made a bad investment because he knew how and when to say "no." It fell from his lips so sharply and decisively that he lost little time in the consideration of doubtful enterprises. Sometimes it fell heavily and left a wound, for which Mr. Bing thought himself in no way responsible. There was really a lot of good-will in him. He didn't mean to hurt anyone.

"Time is a thing of great value and what's the use of wasting it in idle palaver?" he used to say.

One day, Hiram Blenkinsop, who was just recovering from a spree, met Mr. Bing at the corner of Main and School streets and asked him for the loan of a dollar.

"*No sir!*" said Mr. J. Patterson Bing, and the words sounded like two whacks of a hammer on a nail. "*No sir*," he repeated, the second whack being now the more emphatic. "I don't lend money to people who make a bad use of it."

"Can you give me work?" asked the unfortunate drunkard.

"No! But if you were a hired girl, I'd consider the matter."

Some people who overheard the words laughed loudly. Poor Blenkinsop made no reply but he considered the words an insult to his manhood in spite of the fact that he hadn't any manh od to speak of. At least, there was not enough of it to stand up and be insulted —that is sure. After that he was always racking his brain for something mean to say about J. Patterson Bing. Bing was a cold-blooded fish. Bing was a scrimper and a grinder. If the truth were known about Bing he wouldn't be holding his head so high. Judas Iscariot and J. Patterson Bing were off the same bush. These were some of the things that Blenkinsop scattered abroad and they were, to say the least of them, extremely unjust. Mr. Bing's innocent remark touching Mr. Blenkinsop's misfortune in not being a hired girl, arose naturally out of social conditions in the village. Furthermore, it is quite likely that everyone in Bingville, including those impersonal creatures known as Law and Order, would have been much happier if some magician could have turned Mr. Blenkinsop into a hired girl and have made him a life member of "The Dish Water Aristocracy," as Judge Crooker was wont to call it.

The community of Bingville was noted for its simplicity and good sense. Servants were unknown in this village of three thousand people. It had lawyers and doctors and professors and merchants—some of whom were deservedly well known—and J. Patterson Bing, the owner of the pulp mill, celebrated for his riches; but one could almost say that it's most sought fer and popular folk were its hired girls. They were few and sniffy. They exercised care and discretion in the choice of their employers. They regulated the diet of the said employers and the frequency and quality of their entertainments. If it could be said that there was an aristocracy in the place they were it. First, among the Who's Who of Bingville, were the Gilligan sisters who worked in the big brick house of Judge Crooker; another was Mrs. Pat Collins, seventy-two years of age, who presided in the kitchen of the Reverend Otis Singleton; the two others were Susan Crowder, a woman of sixty, and a red-headed girl with one eye, of the name of Feather-straw, both of whom served the opulent Bings. Some of these hired girls ate with the family—save on special occasions when city folk were present. Mrs. Collins and the Gilligans seemed to enjoy this privilege but Susan Crowder, having had an ancester who had fought in the Revolutionary War, couldn't stand it, and Martha Feather-straw preferred to eat in the kitchen. Indeed there was some warrant for this remarkable situation. The Gilligan sisters had a brother who was a Magistrate in a large city and Mrs. Collins had a son who was a successful and popular butcher in the growing city of Hazelmead.

That part of the village known as Irishtown and a settlement of Poles and

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They had a long talk about Gordon King that night in Phyllis' bedroom. At the end, Mrs. Bing repeated that familiar injunction, "Don't tell father!"

Italians furnished the man help in the mill and its sons were also seen more or less in the fields and gardens. Ambition and Education had been working in the minds of the young in and about Bingville for two generations. The sons and daughters of farmers and ditch-diggers had read Virgil and Horace and plodded into the mysteries of higher mathematics. The best of them had gone into learned professions; others had enlisted in the business of great cities. The girls who had not had the taste or preparation for teaching had caught the lure of stenography. All had fled from the irksome tasks which had roughened the hands and bent the backs of their parents. Some few were the local merchants and mechanics and their wives and these were in comfortable circumstances. That, briefly, explains why the hired girls were few and sniffy.

Early in 1917, the village was shaken by alarming and astonishing news. True, the sinking of the Lusitania and our own enlistment in the World War and the German successes on the Russian frontier had, in a way, prepared the heart and intellect of Bingville for shocking events. Still, these disasters had been remote. The fact that the Gilligan sisters had left the Crookers and accepted an offer of one hundred and fifty dollars a month from the wealthy Nixons of Hazelmead was an event close to the footlights, so to speak. It caused the news of battles to take its rightful place in the distant background. Men talked of this event in stores and

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on street corners; it was the subject of conversation in sewing circles and the Philomathian Literary Club. That day, the Bings whispered about it at the dinner table between courses until Susan Crowder sent in a summons by Martha Featherstraw with the apple pie. She would be glad to see Mrs. Patterson Bing in the kitchen immediately after dinner. There was a moment of silence in the midst of which Mr. Bing winked knowingly at his wife who turned pale as she put down her pie fork with a look of determination and rose and went into the kitchen. Mrs. Crowder regretted that she and Martha would have to look for another family unless their wages were raised from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

"But, Susan, we all made an agreement for a year," said Mrs. Bing.

Mrs. Crowder was sorry but she and Martha could not make out on the wages they were getting—everything cost so much. If Mary Gilligan, who couldn't cook, was worth a hundred dollars a month Mrs. Crowder considered herself cheap at twice that figure.

MRS. BING, in her anger, was inclined to revolt but Mr. Bing settled the matter by submitting to the tyranny of Susan. With Phyllis and three of her young friends coming from school and a party in prospect, there was nothing else to do.

Maggie Collins who was too old and too firmly rooted in the village to leave it, was satisfied with a raise of ten dollars a month. Even then she received a third of the minister's salary. "His wife being a swell leddy who had no time for wurrurk, sure the boy was no sooner married than he yelled for help," as Maggie was wont to say.

All this had a decided effect on the economic life of the village. Indeed, Hiram Blenkinsop, the village drunkard, who attended to the lawns and gardens for a number of people, demanded an increase of a dollar a day in his wages on account of the high cost of living although one would say that its effect upon him would not have been serious. For years the historic figure of Blenkinsop had been the destination and the repository of the cast-off clothing and the worn and shapeless shoes of the leading citizens. For a decade, the venerable derby hat, which once belonged to Judge Crooker, had survived all the incidents of his picturous career. He was, indeed, as replete with suggestive memories as the graveyard to which he was wont to repair for rest and recuperation in summer weather. There, in the shade of a locust tree hard by the wall, he was often discovered with his faithful dog Christmas—a yellow mongrel, a good-natured cur—lying beside him, and the historic derby hat in his hand. He had a persevering pride in that hat. Mr. Blenkinsop showed a surprising and commendable industry under the stimulation of increased pay. He worked hard for a month, then celebrated his prosperity with a night of such noisy, riotous joy that he landed in the lockup with a black eye and a broken nose and an empty pocket. As usual, the dog Christmas went with him.

When there was a loud yell in the streets at night, Judge Crooker used to say "It's Hiram again! The poor fellow is out a-Hirsming."

William Snodgrass, the carpenter, gave much thought and reflection to the good fortune of the Gilligan girls. If a hired girl could earn twenty-five dollars a week and her board, a skilled mechanic who had to board himself ought to earn at least forty. So he put up his prices. Israel Sneed, the plumber, raised his scale to correspond with that of the carpenter. The prices of the butcher and grocer kept pace with the rise of wages. A period of unexampled prosperity set in.

Some time before, the Old Spirit of Bingville had received notice that its Services would no longer be required. It had been an industrious and faithful Old Spirit. The new generation did not intend to be hard on it. They were willing to give it a comfortable home as long as it lived. There was to be a beautiful and venerable asylum called The Past. There it was to have nothing to do but to sit around and weep and talk of by-gone days. The Old Spirit rebelled. It refused to abandon its appointed tasks.

The notice had been given soon after the new theatre was opened in the Sneed Block and the endless flood of moving lights and shadows began to fall on its screen. The low-born, purblind intellects of Bohemian New York began to pour their lewd fancies into this great stream that flowed through every city, town and village in the land. They had no more compunction in the matter than a rattlesnake when he swallows a rabbit. To them, there were only two great, bare facts in life—male and female. The males, in their vulgar parlance, were either wise guys or suckers; the females were all "my dears."

Much of this mental sewage smelled to heaven. But it paid. It was cheap and entertaining. It relieved the tedium of small town life.

JUDGE CROOKER was in the little theatre the evening that the Old Spirit of Bingville received notice to quit. The sons and daughters and even the young children of the best families in the village were there. Scenes from the shady side of the great cities, bar-room adventures with pugilists and porcelain-faced women, the thin-ice skating of illicit love succeeded each other on the screen. The tender souls of the young received the impression that life in the great world was mostly drunkenness, violence, lust, and Great White Waywardness of one kind or another.

Judge Crooker shook his head and his fist as he went out and expressed his view to Phyllis and her mother in the lobby. Going home, they called him an old prude. The knowledge that every night this false instruction was going on in the Sneed Block filled the good man with sorrow and apprehension. He complained to Mr. Leak, the manager, who said that he would like to give clean shows, but that he had to take what was sent him.

Soon a curious thing happened to the family of Mr. J. Patterson Bing. It acquired a new god—one that began, as the reader will have observed, with a small "g." He was a boneless, India-rubber, obedient little god. For years the need of one like that had been growing in the Bing family. Since he had become a millionaire, Mr. Bing had found it necessary to spend a good deal of time and considerable money in New York. Certain of his banker friends in the metropolis had introduced him to the joys of the Great White Way and the card room of the Golden Age Club. Always he had been ill and disgruntled for a week after his return to the homely realities of Bingville. The shrewd intuitions of Mrs. Bing alarmed her. So Phyllis and John were packed off to private schools so that the good woman would be free to look after the imperiled welfare of the lamb of her flock —the great J. Patterson. She was really worried about him. After that, she always went with him to the city. She was pleased and delighted with the luxury of the Waldorf-Astoria, the costumes, the dinner parties, the theatres, the suppers, the cabaret shows. The latter shocked her a little at first.

THEY went out to a great country house, near the city, to spend a week end. There was a dinner party on Saturday night. One of the ladies got very tipsy and was taken up stairs. Then the party repaired to the room to drink their coffee and smoke. Mrs. Bing tried a cigarette and got along with it very well. Then there was an hour of heart to heart, Central European dancing while the older men sat down for a night of bridge in the library. Sunday morning, the young people rode to hounds across country while the bridge party continued its session in the library. It was not exactly a restful week end. J. Patterson and his wife went to bed, as soon as their grips were unpacked, on their return to the city and spent the day there with aching heads.

While they were eating dinner that night, the cocktail remarked with the lips of Mrs. Bing: "I'm getting tired of Bingville."

"Oh, of course. it's a picayune place," said J. Patterson.

"It's so provincial!" the lady exclaimed.

Soon. the oysters and the entree having subdued the cocktail, she ventured: "What it does seem to me that New York is an awfully wicked place."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Godless," she answered. "The drinking and gambling and those dances."

"That's because you've been brought up in a seven-by-nine Puritan village," J. Patterson growled very decisively. "Why shouldn't people enjoy themselves? We have (*Continued on page 62.*)

Original from

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL IS FALLING DOWN

By Angelo Patri

Drawings by Angus MacDonall

The Public School is falling down,
falling down, falling down,
The Public School is falling down,
farewell, Lady.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS have always been with us. Good Public Schools, as the foundation of our civilization, is an inherent part of our mental thinking. But it isn't so any longer. It isn't true. The cornerstone of our civilization is crumbling in front of our eyes and we must do something. The situation will not correct itself. We must—one and all—take this matter home. Help—not next year—but now, this month

THE American Public will not believe it. They have a blind faith in the idea that the Public School is beyond harm's reach. They have made a National Habit of the Public School, so much of a habit that they have relegated it to their sub-conscious mind and gone about their business and forgotten all about it. It will take a shock to bring the Public School back to the consciousness of the people.

"Hasn't it always been there? Haven't they always taken care of the children? Of course! Naturally! Well, they always will. This fuss is only temporary. The teachers will soon return and things will go on as usual. Don't worry!"

But the Public School is falling down. The teacher is the school and the teachers are going out of the schools and they are not coming back until the people decide to pay them enough to let them stay in the schools.

Those are their places are not going to stay if they are worth-while teachers; those who are not worth while will stay forever to the everlasting detriment of America.

John Finley, Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, warned the world in the last years of the war: "None of the nations of the earth will come out of this cataclysm unscathed. The nation that will rehabilitate itself first, will be the nation that takes the best care of its children."

Is America's answer to be the rapidly emptying schools?

In February, the president of a State Normal School resigned his position to accept one with a big industrial concern which paid him five times what the State paid him. It was a tragedy to the teacher, the State and the Nation. The people gave it little thought.

The Public School is falling down but the people are unconscious of it.

For a quarter of a century, that great teacher had dreamed and lived in that school. He planned it. He talked and wrote and worked for it's building. For twenty-five full years he gave it his best thought. He devoted his life to the school that trained teachers to teach the children of the country he loved.

The people of the town liked him. "O yes, he is a fine man! He runs a good school." When he took charge of the school, they paid him three thousand dollars a year. Once during his twenty-five years of service they raised his salary by five hundred dollars.

When he could stand the pressure no longer, he accepted the position the big business concern offered him. He had declined many offers during those years of service because he loved his school. Now he must go. The industrial people gave him money and prestige.

For a quarter of a century he had served the people and they slipped him into a wrinkle in their subconscious minds and forgot him.

Shocked into consciousness by his empty chair, they say, "My, that's too bad! We can never replace him. Wonderfully clever man. Think of it! Fifteen thousand dollars!"

There is a respect in their tones for the Industrial Expert that was never there for the Normal School President. Is America's appreciation a purely commercial one?

The Public School is falling down!

The teacher, who after all is a full-brained human being, is thinking on these things. For a generation, he has accepted the notion that he was a part of the integral life of this nation; that he was in service as truly as the soldier and the sailor; that on his shoulders rested the life or death of a great people. He must serve them loyally, faithfully, even unto death.

Then came the war. The Government said, "You are not an essential industry. You may have no building material. Your supplies must be curtailed. As I need the teachers, I shall call upon them and they must come."

Somewhat bewildered but loyal to their profession of faith in America they accepted all this. "This is war. We must do everything to help. Afterward, we will make up all the lost time. We will get our buildings, supplies will come again, the teachers will come back. It will be but a short time. We will work the harder to even things up when we have ended the war. We will sell Liberty Bonds, do Red Cross work, lead the drives and make speeches to help things along."

The school became the center for Community War Work. The school's work sagged. It was classed as unessential. A teacher did more for his country by selling bonds and following up allotments than by teaching the children. The public said so and the public acted so.

The Government wanted clerks. Teachers made good clerks. The Government paid more for clerks than the Boards of Education paid for

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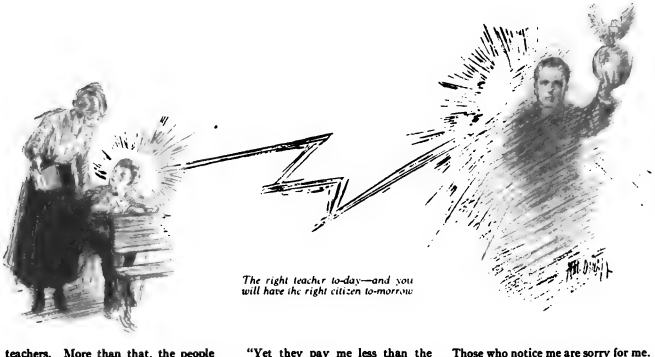
In one day in sixty-two small cities were sent home in one city alone—because there were no teachers. A saving in upkeep is undermining and if not corrected will eventually destroy the whole structure



The right teacher to-day—and you will have the right citizen to-morrow

teachers. More than that, the people appreciated the war-worker. Every where the uniform brought a smile of appreciation. Clerks did not have to work as hard as teachers and they were paid more and commanded greater respect. Clerks had to please the head of a department. Teachers had to please all the parents and all the children in the town. Why not be a clerk?

Teachers made good bond salesmen. They met business folk and enjoyed them. They discovered that the technique of the great business world was easily acquired by a teacher. Handling bonds was easier than handling children. Selling was easier than teaching. Landing a customer was much more exhilarating than giving a lesson. One could measure his success or failure almost instantly in the business world. The give and take of the office was much more interesting than the routine of the class room. Why not sell bonds?

Teachers made fine aides for disabled soldiers. Many of them traveled hundreds of miles from their schools for this service. Life in the convalescent hospital was thrilling. One wore the uniform of service to her country. People took their hats off to the girl who wore that uniform. They never noticed the girl who taught their children.

THE work-a-day world was big, quick, breath-taking to the teacher. One got real money for interesting, congenial, necessary work—work that people approved of and appreciated. Better than money, more thrilling than work, more inspiring than service, to the teacher, is appreciation and approbation. These had long been denied to her. The Public had made a habit of her, forgotten about her.

So the Public Schools were falling down, falling down.

The teachers did not return to them after the war work was finished. They sat down and thought it all over:

"They tell me that I am the bulwark of the Nation.

"Yet they pay me less than the least of the workers!

"They tell me that without my work the Nation must perish.

"Yet they classed me with the unessential workers!

"They tell me that the school house is the heart of the people.

"Yet the school house I teach in is on a barren hillside. It is beaten by the sun in summer and by icy winds in winter. It has not been painted in twenty-five years. It is dirty. Everything about it is neglected and forlorn! This office building I work in is beautiful inside and out. It is heated and lighted and ventilated.

"THEY tell me that my product, the Youth of the Nation, is priceless. It is the immeasurable treasure of the Nation.

"Yet they have turned the children loose. In my place, they hired a cheaper teacher. She had no training for teaching, she has no appreciation of childhood. Why trust her with the imeasurable treasure of the Nation?

"They tell me that I am a Defender of the Faith even as the soldier in the army and the sailor in the navy.

"Yet they would not have me in their homes. They force me either to bring my whole family to the town where I serve or to live in a room in some down-at-the-heel hotel.

"They salute the soldier and the sailor. They strike medals for them, make elaborate decorations for them, pay them the final honors of their service when they die.

"I serve my country yet I do not receive even these poor rewards.

"As a business worker I command the salary that enables me to live. I command the respect of my fellows. I am of those who carry the business of life forward to the great to-morrow of the Nation.

"As a teacher I cannot command a decent salary. I am forgotten and neglected by the people who hire me. Those who notice me are sorry for me.

"I am going to forget that I ever was a teacher. Here I stay!"

The Public Schools are falling down! The teacher is the school and the teachers are leaving in a steady stream. In the City of New York one day in February, six hundred classes were dismissed for lack of teachers. On another day, four hundred and ninety-four teachers were doing double duty. They were teaching the classes of other teachers as well as their own.

Do you know any other class of workers that would do that? It is impossible for teachers to stand up under such a strain.

In one day twenty thousand children were sent home in one city alone. How many were sent home that day all over the United States of America because there were no teachers?

The Public School is falling down!

Theodore Roosevelt said, "If you want to do anything permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy."

IT is to-day that counts with the children. It is the teacher that is in the classroom to-day that counts. The notion that it won't do any harm to place a cheap teacher in charge of the children is absurd and worse.

The teacher that is entering the schools to replace the teacher who cost too much is a menace to your boy and girl now, to-day. That teacher is going to stay there and do irreparable harm to your children. The unfit teacher is not a temporary nuisance. She is a permanent disease.

Your teacher has gone. You must have somebody. The children must be kept off the streets. This woman or man isn't so good as the real teacher of course, but he'll do for the present. You place the teacher in the school and you throw the matter off your mind. But remember, you have thrown that teacher upon the life and soul of your child. It is to-day that counts with

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that child. That unfit teacher will mark him for life.

The Public Schools are falling down, falling down, but the Public sleeps on.

A mother entered the office of the principal of one of the schools in a big city.

"How long is Miss Patience going to be absent?"

"A lifetime," said the weary principal. "A lifetime. Miss Patience has resigned and is never coming back."

"But my goodness! are you going to put Thomas out every day until you get a substitute who may not materialize for weeks?"

"I wish I could hope she would materialize in weeks. It looks more like years."

"This is awful. I can't have that child home under foot all the time. Can't you place him in some other teacher's class? One of the teachers that are here every day?"

"No, I can not. The other classes are full."

"No room even for one little bit of a boy?"

"Not even for a sardine. These classes are crowded to the limit now."

"Well, couldn't you teach him yourself?"

"I'd love to. After what I have been doing these past few months teaching Thomas would come as a great relief. This building is five stories high. I've had days when eighteen of the teachers have been absent at once and nobody here to take a class. I've practically had one foot in the basement and one on the roof to keep this place moving at all.

"When I sent the children home to allow the others to work, you mothers promptly sent them back to school to play. They swarmed about the yards and corridors and I had nobody to take care of them. Eighteen classes without teachers is not my idea of a good time. I'm sorry, but I shall have to forego the pleasure of teaching Thomas until I get a little more assistance."

DURING the month of February one of the largest Federations of Women's Clubs held a general meeting. Four thousand women filled the hall. They were cultured, educated, thoughtful women who worked for the welfare of the people.

The presiding officer rose and addressed the meeting; "Ladies: There is a crisis facing the schools of the city. Teachers have resigned. Many are ill. Others are leaving. The children of the city are sent home by thousands daily. Among us there are many who have been teachers. These schools must have teachers. They offer four dollars a day for substitutes. Will any woman who will accept a substitute's place, please rise?"

Nobody rose.

The Public Schools are falling down!

Four dollars a day is what the washer-women are commanding. Shall the teacher go out and let the washer-woman come in?

A substitute offered her services to one of the schools. She was stout and elderly. Weight had flattened out her feet and robbed her of outline. "Crude, uncultured, without vision and appreciation," thought the principal. Still she was armed with a license and perhaps she was better than she looked. One class less to turn loose would be a blessing.

She was assigned to a class of little boys whose teacher had left to take a position with a publishing house. She had been a fine teacher. The little boys had liked and trusted her.

Shortly after the installation of the substitute, a little chap opened the door of the principal's office and asked if he could come in.

"What's the matter," said the principal, for the little face was the picture of woe.

"I don't know what to do. My mother sent me to school. She said I was well enough. I have laryngitis and I have to cough sometimes and the teacher says if I cough again she will take the rule to me. I'm afraid of her."

"Better go home to mother and tell her that you are coughing. She will help you."

Later, the principal asked the substitute if she had threatened the child. "Sure! I told him if he made any more noise with his cough, cough, coughing, I'd take the ruler to him."

The principal decided that that class would be better off at home until he could find a teacher.

Somebody forward and says in loud tones, "Can't get teachers? Nonsense. You can get all the teachers you want if you stop this silly nonsense of examining for them. "Give any intelligent young person that asks for it a certificate for teaching and you will get all you want."

This, in the face of the facts that there are already in the schools of the country over one hundred thousand young persons teaching without any preparation whatever for that career. This, in spite of the figures that show a steady decline in the number of rejections by the Examining boards.

Did you ever have to eat meals that somebody cooked holding the cook book in front of them the while? How you longed for the real cook to come home!

That is about what happens in the classrooms. The poor, inexperienced person that tries to teach a class does the best he can. He does just about as well as you would do under the same circumstances.

There are so many things the novice knows that are not true. There are so many that he doesn't know that are true. So many things turn out differently from what he expected.

One did not know that little children had to have a recess. The program, to be sure, called for it. But it was such a nuisance to take them to the yard and bring them back again. The things that happened in that room would better be left to the imagination.

Another thought it would be a fine scheme to do arithmetic for one whole day, reading for another whole day, geography for another and so on until she finished the Course of Study. She thought that she would finish sooner that way. So did the principal. But it would be the children that were finished, not the course of study.

One thought that if a small boy challenged her to chase him, she should do so. There were eight aisles in the room, good wide, long ones. Some of the good little boys left their seats to help her chase him and they had a merry Marathon until the principal heard the racket and the race ended.

As the noise in the room mounted day by day the enthusiastic disciple of law and order whacked and shouted the louder. The riot grew. Soon she whacked the disturbers and they fought back. That ended her usefulness.

ONE lady thought that a ruler was necessary to enforce the rules of the class room. With every order she gave, and there were many, she struck the desk a resounding whack. It was a perfectly good desk but she soon reduced it to splinters.

One unfortunate thought that the way to the small child's heart was through his covetousness and she spent all her salary in bribes of different sorts. The bribes were useless, the young rascals shamelessly accepting them and feeling under no obligations whatever to the giver. Their contempt and the expense of the method brought that resignation very soon. (*Cont. on page 76*)

Original from

GLIMPSES OF THE

By Lewis
Our Staff

DO you know what the Red Cross is doing to-day? Do you know that it is devoting itself in numberless ways toward helping to work out local problems in many rural districts, villages, towns and cities?

Here is part of the story in pictures fresh from the scenes of endeavor, illustrating how some of the different branches are using their war experience to guide them in these days of peace. These pictures, of course, give only slight glimpses of the work, for the Red Cross in its local community aspect is an extremely complex affair. Its local

In the upper picture is a nourishment class in a New Jersey school. All pupils who are ten per cent or more below normal weight have a lunch of cocoa and sandwiches. In this instance, work is carried on by the local Civic Association, whose volunteers visit the homes of the families every week and teach the mothers how to plan for their families better and more nourishing food. In many places, the Red Cross is cooperating with local agencies and promoting such activities

At Center Moriches, Long Island, Red Cross activities are carried on in the community house (center picture), which also houses the activities of the Village Improvement Association and the Civic League. The school girls go over to the recreation room, play games, read and dance at noon, after school and at other times

Off in the wilds of Long Island is a little rural school (lower picture). The teachers wished to arrange for hot lunches, so the Red Cross chipped in, bought a kerosene stove and started the plan. In a short time the sum was paid back, and now the Red Cross acts merely in an advisory capacity

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NEW RED CROSS

W. Hine
Photographer

activities are as varied as America itself. We hardly realized this ourselves until we asked Mr. Hine to go out and get us a few glimpses of what the Red Cross is doing. He studied the situation for three weeks and then informed us that our magazine was not large enough to contain even half of the list, so he went to the first chapter at hand and this is the result.

We hope to be able to give a series of such pictures from month to month as he goes about the country watching the different chapters at work.

The first steps in disaster relief at the Hampton chapter, Southampton, Long Island (upper picture). The material is gathered and held in a Loan Closet for disaster emergencies and clothing and other supplies are given out when need arises. Part of a sign can be seen in the upper corner, reading: "Clothing wanted for a boy of 7 years; girl, 8 years." This picture shows the way in which the material is assembled and prepared for instant use.

A class in home nursing and care of the sick, Yonkers Branch of American Red Cross (center picture). This was the first colored class to graduate from this chapter and was one of the best classes of the year.

The Employment Service of the American Red Cross helps to place ex-service men and their families in positions. The Italian wants to be a chauffeur. The woman talking to him is in charge of the employment bureau. The husband and wife in the background want to get positions together on one of the neighboring estates so that they can have the child with them

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Go on the principle that the other driver is an idiot with a wabbly steering gear. The worst that can happen to you is a surprise

THE GASOLINE KNIGHT

By Howard Brubaker

Drawings by Albert Levering

HAVE YOU the Spring germ of car buying? Then you must meet Hank Risley—Hank who could dive deep into engines and wrap himself around ailing parts, who never molested the public schools but who educated himself by the touch system. Hank will tell you things you never thought of about driving a car

AS the winter surrendered to mild breezes and drying roads, it became evident that one more kind husband and indulgent father had caught the great American malady. Although this disease is comparatively new, its symptoms are familiar. Where once it numbered its victims by the thousands; now, it strikes down millions. It is most infectious in the spring; science believes that the germ comes out of the ground with the frost and attacks constitutions weakened by months of indoor life. The stricken one gets catalogues by fair means or foul and retires to some secluded place, denying himself to callers and neglecting his means of livelihood. He is often discovered studying his check book and figuring upon the backs of envelopes. When he walks abroad he may seem perfectly normal yet suddenly be stricken dumb and motionless at the sight of a passing automobile. The odor of gasoline seems to have a fascination for him and he frequently follows the scent into garages and enters into conversation with low, greasy-handed characters until discovered by his family and led home to dinner. Gregory Slayback had exhibited all these symptoms and, by the coming of April, had reached the advanced stage of gloating over maps. The younger half of the family, Geraldine and Thaddeus, were almost openly exultant, for now they knew that father would never be cured.

Once the great decision was made—in favor of a Baby Blitz—father became his normal, intelligent, logical self and showed again that pedagogical ability which had made him at forty the superintendent of the Millbrook schools. It was clear that he had been doing some serious thinking while the germ was gnawing at him.

"The motor car," he said to his assembled family, "has long since ceased to be a rich man's toy, thanks, largely, to the small town and the farm. Now, I expect the rural districts to take the lead in a new movement."

With the best of intentions, father had never been able to separate his professional and domestic manners. He addressed his family as if they were at morning exercises in the Assembly Hall.

"The time has come when the motor car should cease to be an adult's toy. From a mechanical point of view, boys and girls who are big and strong can drive cars as well as adults. The trouble

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is psychological; youth lacks seasoning, the instinct for caution and concentration. Once we can overcome this difficulty by training, there is no reason why you children, for example, should not be allowed to run a car."

A murmur' of appreciation greeted this thought.

"I am going to hire an experienced man to teach us to drive it, and it's going to be a thorough job."

"Hank Risley?" asked Thad, explosively.

"Yes, Hank would do very well. Then we shall work out some definite rules and stick to them literally." He developed his theme further. "The driving of a motor car is a privilege but also a responsibility. He who steps upon a thirty horse-power engine leaves the carefree spirit of youth behind. One who personally conducts a ton or more of metal along a highway at twenty-five miles an hour has no time for monkeyshines. The motorist exists by the sufferance of the walking classes; if they let him live, the least he can do is to reciprocate. The interests of the pedestrian are paramount. The pedestrian! May he ever be right but, right or wrong, the pedestrian! This is a treaty. I myself agree to it, without reservations. How about you, Thad? Take it or leave it?"

"I agree," said Thad, with the seriousness that the occasion seemed to demand. Thad was fifteen, though he might have passed for older to the casual eye, especially since his recent graduation into long trousers. But though his spindley and lengthening legs had disappeared from public view, his head was still young. He had been in the high school since the previous September but he had not as yet set the academic world afire. Thad was dark of hair and skin, a good color, his sister maintained, for one who was so habitually grimy.

"Very well, we'll put you on probation," said father after an impressive pause. "How about you, Geraldine?"

Gerry was happy and thrilled and more than a little scared. Seventeen, attractive, popular, entirely self-confident in the world of parties, amateur theatricals, slanging Cicero's orations, she had yet an abysmal ignorance on the subject of machinery.

"I'm crazy to learn," she said. "I'll try very hard." All the same she had the panicky and hopeless feeling of looking into a strange new textbook.

"And now," father finished in his grand climax with a little bow, "mother!"

But mother, in the deplorable language that Thad and Gerry affected, "spilled the beans." The grand climax was a total loss.

"No! I said mother—one of those placid, sweet, self-effacing mothers who yet somehow succeed in bossing a whole establishment. "No. It was all I could do to learn to run a baby carriage. I'll be the private this time. Every army ought to have a private."

"You will ride with us, of course?" asked father anxiously.

"Whenever I feel that I can do so safely."

These admirable people were playing the age-old parental game. They could not have done better if the scene had been rehearsed.

"I see," said father. "You are reserving yourself as a prize for efficient driving."

"I'm the prize package! Anybody who really learns how can haul me around."

So the machinery of commerce and industry was cranked up; valuable consideration passed; an order took its place in line, and Slaybacks made a garage—by the simple device of putting a concrete floor in the carriage shed of the barn. Thad now inhabited that edifice at every leisure moment. As mother said, "I always know where he is now." He made a work-bench complete with a vise and the family tools, collecting about it the by-products of years of mechanical endeavor; the essentials of a wireless outfit that had been without employment since the Government had ordered boy operators to get out of the ether; the works of an old clock; a set of baby carriage wheels that had passed through numerous incarnations; simple little treasures in copper and iron; wire screws; nuts; odds and ends of hardware that had been shaken off passing automobiles; the brass hubcap of a Ford; a cross piece from a tire chain; a sparkplug that had emitted its last earthly spark. When the resources of home and highway had been exhausted, he took little journeys into the domain of Hank Risley, bringing back inside information, his fingernails full of graphite and a valve-lifting tool that was all right except that it was cracked. Meanwhile the wheels of commerce and industry were turning slowly until at last they ground out an important rumor.

> THE pedestrian—may he ever be right but, right or wrong—the pedestrian!

> "THEY shall not pass!" is a poor motto for a motorist

Upon a certain Saturday morning in May, father thought it necessary to warn everybody to go about his duties as usual; probably nothing would happen anyhow. He thereupon seated himself at his desk and gazed out the study window. Geraldine's work seemed to keep her near the upper front elevation; mother with unwonted nervousness broke a vase; and Thad sat upon the front steps ostentatiously taking the morning air, and tried to pull his fingers off one at a time. Otherwise everybody went about his duties as usual.

> HE who steps upon a 30 h.p. engine leaves his carefree youth behind

When a shining miracle of beauty rolled up the driveway, a motion poem straight from the Blitz Manufacturing Company, everybody unnecessarily informed everybody else and the stricken Slaybacks promptly did all the things that people ought not to do in case of fire. Father promptly frowned upon this excitement, commanded people to be calm and himself set an example of dignity and restraint as he strolled out to inspect the new possession. But he was never able to explain why he took with him the framed photograph of his wife which adorned his study table!

The appointment of Henry Risley as guide, philosopher and friend to the motoring Slaybacks was an excellent move; one could not have found a man better suited to this task in a Blitz day's journey. When automobiles first entered the world, the youthful Hank was doing things to bicycles. He promptly transferred his affections to the new invention and grew up with the industry. Hank owned the first "horseless carriage" seen in town, a one-lunger which advanced down the startled street by a series of irregular explosions and usually "died" somewhere between Market Street and the depot. Hank's feet sticking out from under his combine machine had been one of Millbrook's best views.

As if Nature were moulding him for the part he was to play, Hank grew up long and flexible; he could dive deep into engines and wrap himself around little parts. After passing the sixth grade, Hank had never molested the public schools; thenceforth, he educated himself by the touch system. He could not always make his grammar behave, but he could make an internal combustion engine eat out of his hand. Thad admired him unconditionally—his knowledge, his strength, his dirty arms—and wished that his own father, whom he loved and even respected, might have adopted a noble calling like Hank's instead of wasting his life superintending schools.

But if Thad idolized Hank, the account was balanced, for the repairman worshipped at the shrine of "Professor" Slayback (everybody called the superintendent "Professor" except his pupils who, of course, referred to him as Ol' Swayback!). Hank believed that the superintendent's head was packed with wisdom as a universal joint is packed with grease. He pointed out his idol once to a stranger who was buying gasoline: "That man can talk in some of the foreignest languages there are!"

This Hank, admired and admiring, was the stork who delivered the Baby Blitz, said Baby humming a contented tune and hitting on all four cylinders. Hank liked being a stork. He called out jovially: "Well, here we are, Professor, right out of the oven. Do we put her away or do we ride her a little?"

What a question!

The term, Baby Blitz, does not imply anything tiny any more than does baby hippopotamus or Lesser Antilles or minor poet. The machine was simply the

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A car will run a long way for a chance to die on a railroad track. It will break through gates, if necessary

smaller member of the famous Blitz family—a cozy runabout seating four in close harmony. It was a middle-sized car built for average families with medium purses, and if all the incipient drivers were to be taken out for a lesson at once there would be no room in the car for mother—who accepted her fate with a cheerfulness that was almost unflattering.

"Practice by all means," she said, "but not on me! When her family is learning to drive, a woman's place is in the home."

That night, father confessed to her the faith that was in him as illuminated by the day's experience: "I believe we have here the makings of an interesting educational experiment."

"Special research work under Professor Hank?"

Father smiled indulgently and went on.

"It will teach self-reliance, the exercise of judgment. Of course the instruction will gradually become less specific. We can take away the props. Thad shows a great desire to learn everything about the mechanics of the thing. *Including the mathematics!*"

"Maybe we can sneak some mathematics into Thad by the back door."

"Exactly! I'm going to get him some easy technical books for encouragement. It's astonishing what a boy will often get out of a book that bears upon some vital interest. They both know how to steer automatically—Hank says that comes from bicycle riding. I think we might encourage a little competition between them. Thad has more mechanical ability but Gerry has more judgment."

"Thad's lost what little reason he ever had," said mother. "He's taken part of the car to bed with him."

"What is it?"

Mother measured off a section of her forefinger.

"Some kind of thingumbob. What do I know about machinery?"

"The switch-key, I fancy. What about Gerry? Is her temperature normal?"

"Perfectly. She's talking about a motoring costume already—including a streamline cloak, whatever that is."

> THE motorist exists by permission of the walking classes. If they let him live, the least he can do is to reciprocate!

In a week of after-school and Saturday lessons, the rising young motorists had mastered the mysteries of the steering wheel, clutch, gear, and brakes. They no longer threatened innocent telephone poles or stalled their engine or caused shrieks of anguish while shifting gears. Since the first day Hank had not driven the car, but had sat in the other front seat, shedding advice freely and holding himself in readiness to avert disaster.

"Now, I think you'll do," he said at the close of a Friday afternoon lesson. "All the rest will come with practice."

Father was in complete preparedness for this announcement.

"Then this is a good place to begin. Now that we have learned to drive, we must learn to drive safely. Some people spend their money for accident insurance. I'd rather invest my money in you. You're the best accident insurance I know of."

"Here's where I take the bread out of a poor insurance company's mouth," said Hank.

"Now I want you to hammer it into us for all it is worth, the whole business. You're to be in complete authority. The captain of the ship is the boss whether the owner is aboard or not."

"If everybody'd learn to drive like that, we'd all be better off"—a whimsical smile came to Hank's face—"except us repairmen."

In entering upon the new phase of his duties on Saturday morning Hank again took the wheel.

"I'll take Thad for my sidekick," he said, indicating the adjoining front seat. "We'll do everything all proper and spill a little chatter as we go."

"Illustrating precept by example," said father.

"That's highbrow for it. Now we'll slow down and hug the rail on this turn, in case the other fellow should take too much of the road."

"He'd have no right to do that," said

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Give a child and a chicken time to make up their minds. They are fine creatures in their ways but slow on the pickup

the sidekick.

"We'd better have our rights crumpled up than our mudguard. How's this, professor, for a whatcha-call-it—precept? Go on the principle that the other fellow is an idiot with a wobbly steering gear. Then the worst that can happen to you is a little pleasant surprise."

Father agreed that this was a perfectly good precept. They took the turn of the road without passing any other driver, sane or idiotic, but they at once overtook a wagon and the slow speed came in handy for passing it. There was a straight clear road ahead then and Hank stepped on the accelerator. He also spilled some chatter on the subject of speed.

"Of course speed laws have a lot of foolishness in them. Fifteen miles an hour down at Market and Main is more dangerous than forty out here on the turnpike. Just the same, you'd better keep an eye on the speedometer and be your own cop. I know a guy who spends about half his time in police court for fast driving. Counting in the time wasted, I figure that his average speed is about the same as that five-ton truck trying to climb up hill."

Upon catching up with that ponderous vehicle, Hank shifted into second and trailed behind at a safe distance.

"We can't pass it because we don't know what may be coming over the top of the hill. A hill's the same as any other kind of a curve. You don't always know what's ahead of a big thing like that, anyhow, to keep you from slipping back to the right, or what's behind you to come buttin' in. And if the road is wet or rough, it's all the worse. There are about forty-seven things to think of before you try to pass the car ahead. If you forget one of them you may find yourself all speeded up with no place to go."

Hank refreshed himself with a pause.

"See there, you might think I ordered it." Over the brow of the hill came a passenger car at full speed." "We'd have made it by a tight squeeze but I'd

> IF you beat a train over a crossing you save ten seconds to waste some other way. You have nothing to lose but your life

have been shown up as a bum driver. And if that old mudscow had decided to shake another three miles an hour out of its system at that moment we might have been pocketed. Then, good night! Baby Blitz."

After they had passed the hilltop, also the "mudscow," Hank resumed:

"That's another thing, if a fellow wants to pass you from behind, let him. Don't race him."

"They shall not pass" is a poor motto for a driver," said father, helpfully.

"Or a school teacher," added Gerry.

"Speaking of schools," said Hank, "here is where we slow down to fifteen."

"No use, it's Saturday," said Thad.

"Slowing down on Saturday is very good practice for Thursday."

Here father unloosed another of his favorite theories, the consolidation of rural schools: "The motor car is going to abolish the little red schoolhouse some day."

"Meanwhile," said Hank with ready repartee, "it won't be necessary to abolish the school children."

The Baby Blitz started to speed up again but changed its plans on account of a hen.

"Give a chicken and a child plenty of time to make up their minds," said the oracle. "They are fine creatures in their way but slow on the pickup."

Thus Hank went on, slowly and carefully weaving his fabric with threads of sound advice and appropriate action. Thad looked upon him with something like reverence; it was clear that he had elected Hank the captain of his soul. Gerry drank in his gospel eagerly and father reflected that a splendid teacher had been ruined when this man went in for repairing automobiles, for Hank had the rare faculty of making information stick to smooth young minds. The instructor touched upon a great variety of subjects; signaling with the hand; slowing up for intersecting roads and for anything that might harbor a hidden pedestrian; the proper treatment of bicyclists; of children playing ball; of

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Just the same you'd better keep your eye on the speedometer and be your own cop

loads of hay; moving vans; barking dogs; narrow bridges; motorcycles; policemen and all other public nuisances. Also grade crossings—but there was a special chapter on grade crossings!

"Here's where we stop and think things over," said Hank as they approached the unguarded track of the railroad. As there was no sight or sound of a train the Baby Blitz toddled safely across the track.

"These grade crossings ought to be done away with," said father.

"They will be some day—personally I want to live to see the time—that's why I always come to a stop, or nearly so. Of course, you can make a dash for it and probably win. If you beat a passenger train over a grade crossing you will save ten good seconds to waste in some other way; you have nothing to lose but your life. Or you might have all the time in the world and then stall your engine on the track."

"An experienced driver doesn't stall his engine!" Thad handed this down like a court decision.

But Hank was a constant reader of motor periodicals and was fortified with statistics.

"Thirty experienced drivers stalled their engines on railroad tracks last year. A motor car doesn't care any more about ts life than a hen. It will run a long way or the chance to die on a railroad track. it will break through gates if necessary. They've even been known to choose that spot to run out of gas."

On the way home the instructor had another good chance to point a moral when they encountered a fellow motorist displaying his tire troubles on a curve of the road. Hank had to crawl around this obstructionist with great caution, spilling, meanwhile, the following chatter:

"Always hunt a good place to change your tire; otherwise you may have to change more than a tire. Better run her flat for a few yards than give up motoring entirely." The tire changer got this part of the lecture free.

"Do you always follow these rules when you are driving your own car?" asked Thad.

"Don't talk to the motorman," was Hank's reply. "That's another rule."

That night at dinner the talk was all of life awheel; of gears; speed and pick-up; until mother gently applied the brake.

"I still belong to the walking class.

> HE who personally conducts a ton of metal along a highway at 25 miles an hour, has no time for monkeyshines

It would be more polite to talk about something I can understand. Feet, for example. Now personally I have the greatest admiration for the human foot."

"Mother's simple tastes!" Gerry giggled.

But if it was hard for the other two fanatics to keep off the subject, for Thad it was next to impossible. He tucked the Baby Blitz into its bed at night and got up early to see how it had slept; he kept it cleaned and polished and went about tightening everything in sight. He racked his brains for new places to oil. He wanted to clean the carbon out of the cylinders before the carbon had time to collect in them. He removed tires and changed them around in a mad effort to establish a new speed record and he put on chains every time the sun went behind a cloud. He brooded over the brakes and steering gear; he took the spark plug to his room at night to clean it when he might have been better occupied with geometry. Once a vital organ of the commutator spent the night with Thad. Any auto thief who had designs upon the Baby Blitz would have done well to come with a good supply of spare parts.

"He's keeping elaborate records on gasoline, oil and tires," said father one night, in defense of his theory that motoring is a liberal education. "He has learned a lot of computations on stroke and bore and piston displacement. He's read two books to pieces and he has studied all the maps in the guide book."

"If he knew that the guide book was geography, he'd be very angry," mother chuckled. "How is he doing about the driving?"

"Not so well as you might expect. He knows too much to follow advice. It's like learning to play golf. Out at the club, Mac says that he'd rather teach a greenhorn than a fellow who knows how to play a little. What little he knows is sure to be wrong."

"How about Gerry?"

"Gerry's trouble is the other way—she's a little lacking in confidence. She'll probably arrive first, though, at the driving stage. But Thad knows more about the insides of the critter than she will ever know. To Gerry, the engine is

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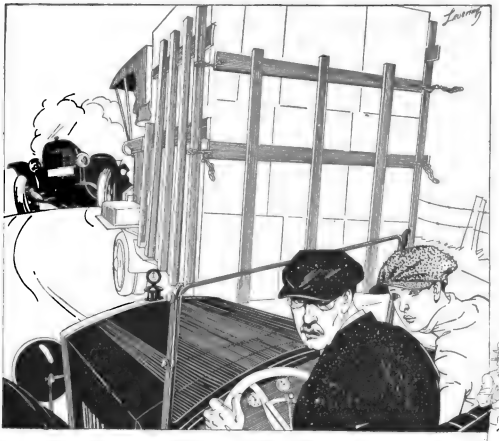

There are forty-seven things to think of. If you forget one, you may find yourself all speeded up with no place to go

simply a necessary evil—something complicated and greasy."

"When I go out to take the air," said mother, "I'll have Gerry for chauffeur and Thad for mechanic."

It was surprising how the two youthful Slaybacks could show such different reactions to the same Baby Blitz. Gerry's ideal was a limousine with herself inside illustrating "what the well-dressed motorist will wear." Thad's soul panted for a stripped chassis so that he could see the wheels go round. He envied the drivers coming through on road tests from a nearby factory, seated on pine boxes and looking very, very mechanical. He wore several holes in his mind trying to invent an electrical device that would embarass a would-be burglar but would not hurt members of the immediate family, a sort of electrical watchdog. He also had a firm conviction that he could take the doors off the car and put them back properly but a tyrannical parent refused to allow this theory to be tested.

Thad wanted to buy an outfit and "take in" vulcanizing, but he never had money enough at one time because he was always buying desirable little wrenches with which to tighten newly-discovered nuts. He was now habitually lumpy in contour and walked with a pleasing brassy sound as of tire-gauges, valve-parts, spark plugs and keys jangling together. Here and there a cotter pin stuck out of him, menacing his relations. When he decanted himself a greasy flood of steel-bearing balls, from Hank's junk box, rolled out upon the floor.

But, although Gerry ridiculed her brother's infatuation as a case of "wheels in the head"; though she commonly averted her face from him as if he were slightly unsanitary; it was she who constantly outpointed him in driving.

"A person doesn't have to be greasy clear up to the eyebrows to run a car successfully," she told her brother.

"Miss Slayback is a good driver," said Hank in a kind of farewell address. "She could go it alone right now."

"What would she do if she had a puncture?" asked the scornful Thad.

"I'd shriek for help," said Gerry.

"And I'll bet you'd get it," said the gallant Hank.

In time, the Slaybacks went forth in a family party with the neophytes taking turns at the wheel, but neither Gerry

> HE couldn't help the smash-up, but he could have helped passing at high speed in a thickly settled district

nor Thad was as yet allowed to take out the car alone. Thad felt this injustice keenly, yet he would continue to forget the rules and was constantly being reduced to the ranks for transgressions.

"Lon Miller drives their car all the time!" he complained. "He's no older than I am and he doesn't know as much about a machine."

"Mr. Miller is not a public servant," was father's reply. "He can live his own life. If Lon has a smashup they can afford a new car; not that I am defending him for letting Lon drive. The boy is pretty reckless."

And sure enough, Lon's recklessness did come home to roost one day in a mixup which involved a Polish laborer, a two-horse farm wagon and the high-powered Miller car. The pedestrian escaped injury but the farm outfit suffered and the Miller car would never be the same again. Lon was believed to have got off easy with a bad cut from the windshield. His father suffered considerable financial damage and, what hurt him more, the loss of his license for the rest of the year.

"It was that Polish fellow's fault," said Thad as the matter was up for dinnertime discussion." He stopped square in front of the car and Lon—"

"You're forgetting the code," said father. "Think again. Now, whose fault was it?"

"But how could Lon help it?"

"He couldn't help the smashup but he could have helped passing a wagon at high speed in a thickly settled district and without sounding his horn. He was violating the most fundamental of all rules—go cautiously past anything that hides part of the road. Until you learn that you may not drive alone. By the way, I have been having a talk with Rod Bulkley, the constable. I told him about our course of training and promised that you children would not run the car until I was personally satisfied that you were able to drive it. I think Bulkley appreciates our efforts for safety. Of course, nobody under eighteen is allowed a driver's license or is permitted to run a car alone.

Rod Bulkley, in addition to being constable and *(Continued on Page 66)*

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WHY NOT DO AS SAGINAW DOES?

By Clare Tree Major

Wallace Craig Smith, leader and organizer of the Saginaw idea. The Club Room where the service man is welcome.

"JUST folks, working together to make the other fellow a little healthier, a little happier, and a little better fitted to meet life's problems." That is how Wallace Craig Smith, chairman of one of the most efficient Red Cross chapters in the United States, describes the enthusiastic band of trained leaders and volunteers in the City of Saginaw, Michigan. They are regarded as "Just folks" by the people of Saginaw County, folks to whom they can take their troubles, or offer their little contributions of service. To be "just folks"—kindly, helpful, practical and efficient, is the keynote of the splend'd work that is being accomplished by this unusual organization.

The Red Cross has but one home in Saginaw. Mindful of lost time in other cities, the chance visitor carefully explains to the taxi driver, "Please take me to Red Cross Chapter headquarters; not the Home Service, not the Health Centre, but the Chapter headquarters." The man looks puzzled for a moment, then says, "There ain't but one Red Cross here; it's in the Armory." Armory? Then it must be Home Service! But you decide to drive there anyway, since at least they can tell you where to find the Chapter office. You alight at the Armory, feel distinctly comforted at the sight of the big Red Cross flag over the doorway, and go up the broad stairs to the first floor. There, if you are an idealist, you stand stock still and refuse to believe your eyes. A Red Cross Chapter going full blast and all under one roof! To convince yourself that you are not

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dreaming you make a tour of the spacious floor. To your right is a doorway marked *"Dietitian,"* another is marked, *"Visiting Housekeeper,"* a step takes you past the accounting department, and a few more bring you to a doorway with the sign, *"Clinic."* The big carpeted waiting room looks so inviting that you decide to enter here, so you walk past the neat desks and comfortable chairs to the other end of the room, to see what the two doors you notice there may disclose. First, you look into the one on the right and find yourself face to face with an efficient looking, white-gowned nurse. She smilingly invites you into her domain and you hesitatingly step into a perfectly-appointed, gleamingly-white enamel and nickel surgical room, whose well-stocked cases of instruments and pungent odor of disinfectants seem far away from their usual setting—a modern hospital.

The nurse explains to you that this is the City Clinic—given house-room and a nurse by the Red Cross—where all persons who handle the food supply of Saginaw must come every six months for examination for communicable disease. No person is permitted to work in any industry affecting in the slightest degree the food of the people without a card from this clinic. In this way, Saginaw intends to build up the health of her people. Listening to the bright faced nurse and noting the efficiency of her equipment, you know that the effort will be successful.

The door to the left opens into another spacious room, which contains the desk of the City's social welfare worker. By extending the hospitality of office accommodation to this official, The Chapter co-operates in social relief work, and there is no duplication of effort. Your sense of the far-sightedness of such a policy reminds you that you have not yet met the man responsible for this interesting organization, and you hurry out to continue your tour of inspection.

Next to the clinic, you pass a door marked, *"Store Room"* and you have visions of neat closets filled with first aid supplies and all the other equipment which might be needed at any time to take care of a possible local catastrophe. Past the broad stairs and on the other side of the hall you pause again. On the wall outside the first door is a blackboard, on which is announced a meeting of the American Legion and another of the Sanitary Corps. Through the glass door, you see a large room, attractively carpeted, furnished with a big library table covered with magazines, a player piano, and a wealth of comfortable chairs placed just where they will be most appreciated. At the end of the room is the desk of the worker whose business it is to see that visitors are taken care of and their needs attended to. It is all so homey and comfortable that you look for some sign to tell you more about it and you find it above the door, "Soldiers and Sailors Club Room." Now, your pulses begin to leap indeed. Here is no bare, uncomfortable room where only the unfortunate come to tell their stories and ask for aid. This is the service man's room, where he may drop in to exchange yarns of the old days with his buddies, where the man still in uniform may spend an idle hour, where the spirit born in the great struggle on the other side of the Atlantic may grow into a new and better ideal of brotherhood.

Opening into the club room is the Home Service Department, with its corps of workers, and further along the hall you find, at last, the office of the author of this practical demonstration of inspired idealism, the Chairman of Saginaw Red Cross Chapter.

WALLACE CRAIG SMITH is a busy man and like most men who really do things, a very busy man. He isn't interested in talking about himself or, to any great extent, about his co-workers. It is only when you talk of the work; of the things Saginaw chapter is doing and hopes to do for the people of Saginaw county; that you glimpse the strength of the man with quietly outline for you a plan of welfare and health work so complete and far-reaching that it almost takes away your breath. He tells you that Saginaw Chapter employs seven visiting trained nurses, whose first duty was to care for the families of service men, but whose work was soon extended to take in needy cases of illness among civilians and, in addition, the nursing director now holds classes in home nursing and the proper feeding of the sick. He tells you it is his hope and plan to place a visiting nurse at every point in the rural districts where she is needed, a nurse who will live with the people, ministering to their needs, and making her office a health and teaching center for the community. Already, one such center has been established in Chesaning, a village from which the nurse can conveniently reach the rural schools and the people of the surrounding territory. As more nurses are secured they will be placed at other convenient points.

Mr. Smith believes in the trained, paid worker. Every department of welfare work in the Chapter is under such competent handling at a critical point may wreck a family or ruin a life." So he sends on his errands of mercy, people he can trust to be tactful, human and understanding, as well as practical.

"It isn't always money that people need," he explains. "We seldom give material relief. That is the work, primarily of the Associated Charities. Mostly it is just the sort of helping hand that only the Red Cross can give; the idea that somebody knows and cares; that somebody is standing by to see that a man makes good." Then he will perhaps tell a case like this. A sugar beet factory outside Saginaw brought from Detroit a man who had a family of twelve children. The man expected the work to be permanent but when the summer was over he was discharged. At about the same time, Red Cross attention was called to the need of the mother, who was sick, and a nurse was sent to care for her. It was too late, however, and the mother died. The case was taken up by the civilian relief department and a successful effort was made to interest the man's late employer in a move to the family into Saginaw, where the man might find work, and in addition paid a bonus of $25.00 to start the family in its new home. The man was a good worker and a position was found for him. The visiting housekeeper went each day to the home; taught the fifteen year old girl, who was now the home-maker, just how to shop, what foods were most necessary, and how to cook them. She taught her how to plan her work so as to keep the house comfortable at the least cost in strength to herself. She arranged to send the younger children to school and a part-time job was found for the eldest boy. It is only a month since the family was moved to Saginaw but already the daughter has become so efficient that the housekeeper calls only twice a

(*Continued on Page 77.*)

WE are in the midst of a great unrest—following the war. We've lived through the worries and dreads of a great coal strike and a dangerous steel strike. Do you want to know just what is the background of a steel worker's life—what his aims and ambitions are? Do you want to know how a coal miner's environment looks to him? We shall publish just that in May. Whiting Williams, financial secretary, social worker, authority on labor problems, has spent seven months in actual work with the steel laborers and the coal miners. He knows them—their lives—their hopes—their fears. His article will throw light on one of to-day's crucial problems

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A typical courthouse in Kentucky where a clinic for blindness is being held. The horses of patients are hitched along the fence

FIGHTIN' THE BLINDNESS

The struggle against the shadow that hangs over the Kentucky mountains

By Hortense Flexner

IN THE summer of Nineteen Seven, a certain Miss Linda Neville heard about people "with troublin' eyes" up in the Kentucky Mountains who didn't know that anything could be done for them. She heard about one girl, for instance, who had been sent down to Lexington by one of the settlement schools. This girl was newly blind. She had not acquired the "long patience" of the mountain people. She was restless and unhappy and it was hard to know what to do for her. Miss Neville asked what treatment the girl had had while she was going blind. The answer was that she had had none. She had not known anything could be done. Her parents had not known. She had tried herbs and bandages, and these failing, had slowly, in a mood of dumb rebellion, gone blind at eighteen. And, although the settlement school had sent her away to be taught weaving and spinning, and such things as the blind could do, she stubbornly refused to learn. "I don't want larnin'," she said, "if I cyant see."

Miss Linda Neville listened to this story. Then she went to Hindman, Kentucky, to investigate. Here she heard of another instance—a man, in a remote place, who had sent word by a traveller that "his eye had busted and that he wanted to have it healed." There was no doctor or oculist near enough to him to make an examination.

The third instance came home to her. She was sitting on the porch one morning, when a young man came feeling his way to the gate. This man was about twenty-five, strong and hearty-looking but quite blind. He said that he had heard of "the folks as had gone on the railroad and been healed!" and he had sold his banjo for six dollars so that he, too, could go on the railroad and be healed.

From that day, Miss Neville has fought the fight of the blind and those going blind in Kentucky. She has literally saved thousands of eyes, although she is neither doctor nor nurse, but just "a motherin' managin' woman," who has known what to do and has never spared herself in the doing of it. Miss Neville has followed a simple but an exacting program. She has brought the people with "sufferin' eyes" to the doctors, or the doctors to them. On Caney Creek, Cow Creek, in Sore Heel Goller and on Poor Fork, on Greasy, Cut-Shin and in countless other places, she has ridden from settlement to settlement, talking of the "brought on" doctors and nurses who were coming. She has been asked "to light and take a night," in small windowless cabins, and she has done so. For Miss Neville is "plum common," the mountain people say and that is the opposite of "plum stuck up." When she starts away on her mule in the morning, she has either the promise of the patient to come to the clinic or his tempered assurance that he will be there "apt as not."

In addition, she has carried on a steady campaign of education. She found where travelling clinics were most needed and went to these places with doctors, nurses and supplies. She made the hopeless, steady, "endurin'" mountain people realize that something could be done "for troublin' eyes." Then she saw to it that it was done!

For it is one thing to go blind in a city where the touch with life may be partly maintained and quite another to

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go blind like the men and women in the Kentucky mountains. Men and women, who have seen their own parents grow blind and who know the bleak monotony of blindness in lonely places, "mistrust" with good reason the darkness coming down on them. They know the full meaning of that darkness. They know the emptiness and the long sitting still and the chill of being set apart. They see themselves, these gray people with the cloud in their eyes, feeling a doubtful way about the walls, stumbling at the doorstep, or being led to the well by a child. And they are afraid of that day when the neighbor will say those grim words of comfort, which are as old as the Kentucky mountains themselves: "There's been others before you. What has been stood, can be stood!"

It has been known for years, of course, that blindness is a plague in the Kentucky mountains. This condition has been brought about by the neglect and spread of trachoma, a disease of the eye, that has, in some unknown way, been carried to the remote places of the mountains. Trachoma, of course, may be cured by simple treatment in its early phases, and may be greatly helped, even when it is advanced. Nevertheless thousands of people have gone blind year after year, simply because they have had no treatment.

The settlement schools have sent down to hospitals in Louisville and Lexington such patients as they could persuade to come and arrange to have taken. But the schools are forty and fifty miles from the railroad and people with partial sight cannot take such long, rough journeys alone. So it has come about in certain neighborhoods and along many of the more backward creeks that there have been found over and over again communities or "nests" where serious diseases of the eye are practically epidemic. For while trachoma does not blind all whom it attacks, it invariably impairs vision, and in time destroys the sight of the great majority.

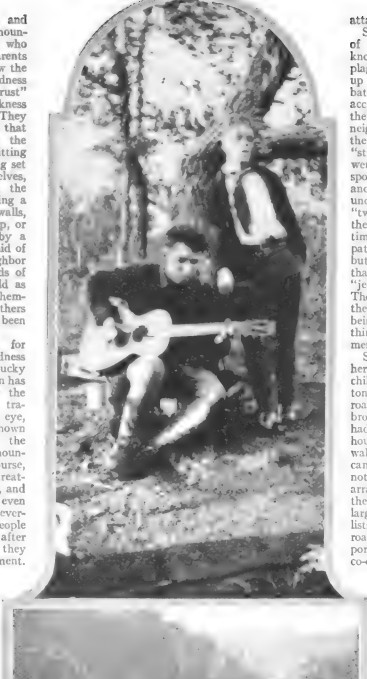
The communicable nature of the disease has caused it to take root and spread, and to attack old and young alike.

So all these years the people of the mountains have not known how to combat this plague. They have not indeed, up to now, thought of combatting it. Rather they have accepted it as "a judgment of the Lord." They said that a neighbor, whose eyes showed the first inflammation, had been "stricken," just as people who were stricken with plague are spoken of in the Bible. Men and women who felt a burning under their eye-lids thought "twas writ in the Book" that they were to be blind. Sometimes they tried herbs or patent medicines as a remedy, but as a rule it was recognized that there was no help for the "jedgment of the Lord." Those who had trachoma knew they "jest had to set down to bein' blind," and that was one thing that made the "jedgment" dreadful.

Since Miss Neville began her work, she has brought children and adults to Lexington who had never seen a railroad or a telephone. Once, she brought a child of twelve, who had never seen a two-story house and had to be taught to walk upstairs. When patients came to the clinics who could not be treated in a few days, arrangements were made for their care in hospitals of the larger cities. Physicians, oculists, hospitals, and the railroads, by giving free transportation to the indigent, have co-operated in the work and helped to keep expenses down.

In the beginning there were no funds. Then the Mountain Fund was started. This fund was only a small varying sum of money, never more than a thousand dollars in any one year, often only three or four hundred dollars, put at the disposal of Miss Neville anonymously by friends.

Now that the work has been established and the United States Public Health Service and the Red Cross have brought their powerful resources to the fight against blindness, that early struggle seems far away—those long days of going ahead and wondering where the money for medicines, artificial eyes and supplies was to come from; when there were no beds to be had in free hospitals,



The picture above shows how some of the younger patients, while waiting for their turn, while away the time singing "Barbara Allen" and other old-time songs. The lower picture shows the kind of cabin "back in the mountains" where the shadow of blindness is darkest

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Miss Neville starting across the mountains with five cases too serious to be handled at the local clinic

when it seemed almost impossible to reach some emergency case delayed by "a tide in the crick."

In 1912, a trachoma survey was made in seven counties of Eastern Kentucky by Surgeon John McMullen of the U. S. Public Health Service. The tabulation showed that out of 4,000 people examined, 500 had trachoma. Later, a survey of all the mountain counties was made and 33,000 cases of trachoma were reported in a population of 550,000. Many of these cases were found in the schools and among very young children. As a result of the report, the Government opened three trachoma hospitals in Knott, Leslie, and Breathitt counties.

IN the meantime, Miss Neville was educating the people of the state.

"This is Kentucky's problem," she was saying, "and I am doing everything I can to make prevention of blindness an integral part of every social movement in the state. I am getting myself invited to clubs, missionary societies, banquets and meetings, and I am insisting on telling what is happening in unknown parts of Kentucky. Sometimes I have been quite unpleasant about it and once at a large meeting, it was found that I had no right to be speaking at all! So I had to stop, though I had so much more to tell. I hadn't even got to the story of little Surry Ann, who came down to the children's hospital for an operation. After she had almost recovered, I was permitted to take her out for her first walk. We came to some sparrows twittering and hopping about and Surry Ann stopped, delighted. 'See them birds! Them gintle city birds!' she said. 'See how gintle they are. They don't throw at them here like they do at home.' "

In 1914, when the National Committee on Prevention of Blindness was organized as a result of the co-operation of the Rockefeller and Russell Sage Foundations, Miss Neville was placed on the advisory board. The New York Committee had previously urged her to form the Kentucky Society for the Prevention of Blindness and she had been named executive secretary of the Society and, with its backing and that of the New York Committee, had succeeded in having the Legislature pass two laws of great importance.

The last great help given the movement has come from the Red Cross. Men with trachoma had enlisted as soldiers and, on being questioned, reported similar cases in their families and neighborhoods. So the Red Cross went with the United States Public Health Service into districts where help was needed and established clinics, to which all persons with eye trouble were free to come.

It is with the Red Cross that Miss Neville works to-day, organizing clinics and adapting herself and the clinic to the special needs of the community. Sometimes she is a manager and sometimes a helper. Again, she will speak at a moving picture performance, arranged to entertain the patients.

SHE described one of her experiences the other day: "It was a mountain clinic, held in a small town surrounded by beautiful hills. As usual, all our supplies had to be shipped in and we were fortunate enough not to lose instruments or blankets, as sometimes happens. The Lake Division office lent cots and blankets; towels, gowns and more blankets were lent by the Mountain Fund. We arrived at F——— at noon, having come twelve miles over a bad road. Arrangements were made to hold the clinic in the court house. There was no other place and we were glad to hear that there was 'very little lawing' in the county and that we were not likely to be disturbed."

"OUR first problem was to get the court house clean. As the local Red Cross had invited the clinic to come, we had many helpers. I put the Superintendent of Schools to work at sweeping the floors. The Mayor of the town dropped in and we asked him to have the little smoky kerosene lamps cleaned. The Mayor, however, knew nothing of kerosene lamps and we finally had to give the work to somebody else. By the next day we had things in order. The County Judge's room had been turned into a temporary store-room, the Circuit Court room was a hospital with twenty cots. The juror's room served as an operating room and we gave the anaesthetic in the witness room. I had washed out 100 towels in cold water—and we were ready to begin."

"But we were greatly disturbed by the water question. There had been a long drouth, the wells had dried up, and the only way water could be had was to haul it from the river. We sent for a barrel but were told that there wasn't a barrel in town. A hunting party was sent out and discovered one standing by the river bank. It was quickly filled but the dry weather had warped it and it leaked. Here was an emergency! The patients were due to arrive the next day and there would be no water. We put the barrel in the river, moored it to the shore and hoped that the boards would swell up and fill the cracks. This plan was successful and in the morning we had our barrel of water ready."

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The difficulties of advertising a clinic in such a country are many. The posters ask all people "with weak or sore eyes" to come to the Court House, but many people cannot read and may not hear of the clinic.

"I usually take a position on the main street of the town," said Miss Neville, "and I stop everybody going by. The people look at me a little strangely but they spread word of the clinic. Sometimes, I go to the schools with the doctor. In a certain district we wished to reach four schools and the roads were so bad that it took us an entire day to cover the ground between them. At the schools, I hear of people whose homes should be visited. A child with trachoma in the school, means three or four cases at home."

MISS NEVILLE remembers one clinic, however, at which there was too much advertising. It happened in one of the small rural villages. The clinic had just been opened but it was noticed that the patients were vanishing. They were traced to the hotel of the town, where it was discovered that a representative of some spectacle firm from another state had set up shop and was offering to cure all diseases of the eye for ten dollars. They immediately "had the law on him!" and after making him pay a fine of fifty dollars, sent him back to his own state.

The next morning, the town was fairly humming, for a clinic is an occasion. The hitching-bar in front of the Court House was as full as on court day. Patients arrived early, men who had ridden into town the afternoon before with a "poke" (bag) of corn or a chicken to sell; whole families that had walked and others that had come in wagons. The waiting room was soon crowded. There were women wearing shawls or strange old-fashioned jackets, sitting silent and troubled with their babies in their laps. There was a lovely young girl of fourteen and her brother with a black rag tied about his eyes. An old man with cataract drew down his cap and stared vacantly ahead. A gray and wrinkled mid-wife who had walked from Black Mountain held her gnarled hands over her eyes and slept while she waited. In a far corner, a young man in a coon-skin cap and brown leggings leaned his chin on his stick, quite lost to what was happening around him. The room was very still, even the children were still, though they watched eagerly the trained nurse who came to the door to summon the patients.

There were many bad eyes in the room, and a number of operations were necessary. Some were done with cocaine, others under ether. But there was little show of fear. The pretty girl wanted to know if there would be a scar on her eye-lid and one of the mothers decided at the last moment that she couldn't wait to have her children treated, because she had to go home and water the cow. Miss Neville used all her powers of persuasion, but the woman insisted that the cow had to be watered.

Another and a different kind of mother came to this clinic, having walked fourteen miles in one day, with six children, the youngest in her arms. Every one of them but the baby had trachoma and several operations were necessary. When Miss Neville told her, she said, "I'm trustin' you—and if you say it's for the best, I ain't aiming to dispute with you. I want 'em all to have good sight!"

Late in the afternoon, a powerful man with iron-gray hair, iron-gray eyes and a grave, masterful bearing carried his small son into the room. The man stood at the door and there was about him the authority and stern dignity that men in important places exhibit on serious occasions. When Miss Neville asked him about the boy, he said, "He haint seed good for four years. I brought him 'cause I'm aimin' to have him see!"

IT was clear why the boy had not seen for four years, although he did not have trachoma. Miss Neville, after consulting the surgeon, told the father that if he would allow the child to go to Louisville, she would have the trouble corrected but that the treatment would require several weeks. The man was silent a moment. "I want him to go with you," he said, "but I've got to ask his mother. She's plum crazy about the boy. The influenzy come into the family and killed mighty nigh all the children, and I won't send this un away till she says he can go!" Miss Neville pointed out that the boy needed attention. "I'm aimin' to send him," the man repeated, "but his mother's got to know it."

Another mountaineer brought his daughter, a pitiful child with the worst case of trachoma that came to the clinic. The two had walked that day over Pine Mountain, which is more than six miles. The child was operated on at once and the father stayed in the ward with her until she was able to start home.

"We have many men who come to take care of their children," said Miss Neville. "These fathers are rarely in the way. We take them into the ward, where they wait on whomever needs them. I have waked up in the night and seen a grizzly mountaineer giving his child a drink, drawing a cover over a feverish boy and generally looking after the patients.

"It is not everybody, however, who understands the purposes of the 'furriners.' One father, the best known and the most aimless beggar in the district, brought his five-year old son, who needed an operation. But the father could not make up his mind to give his permission. At last, after a prolonged argument with the surgeon, he signed his name but signed it unwilling." While the child was waiting his turn, an older brother came running to the clinic, saying that the father had changed his mind and that the child could not be operated on. But it was too late, although the older boy declared "there's a gun at home and Pap's like to shoot hisself!" The father did not shoot himself, however, and the child is now quite well."

After a clinic, there are always patients to be brought down on the railroad. "The patients who come down with me," said Miss Neville, "are not all ignorant and not all of them are poor. Very often they are both, but then again there will be people well able to pay, who come because there are no doctors to be had at home. Perhaps my most eventful trip of this kind was taken one autumn with five patients, four of whom were helplessly blind. One of these was a woman who said, when I asked if she had permission to be operated on, 'Haint nobuddy cares!' She lived two and one-half miles beyond our starting point and was to meet us on the road.

"Another patient was a child, who said, when she finally got to the railroad after the forty-mile drive, and sat down in the car, 'Well, it's jest like settin' at home.' There was also a little girl who was lame and almost blind and an older child, the daughter of one of the most intelligent men in the district. We were to meet still another, a

One of the difficulties in the transportation of trachoma cases in the mountain districts

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'yarb' doctor, on the way. So we started on our forty-mile ride, sitting in a springless jolt wagon. We had cases of instruments with us, and the roads were so bad and the load so heavy that everybody but the helpless got out and walked up the hills. A heavy rain came up in the late afternoon and made our progress slower than ever. We had hoped to get to a road-house—an "All-night stayingest house" —before dark but we saw that we could not. So we huddled under the canvas cover and tried to keep up our courage."

"But my companions were silent and depressed, starting out, as they were, into unknown country to be cared for by strangers. The starting had required effort enough and now the gloom and noise of the rain on the canvas top of the wagon seemed to weigh down the spirits of the tired travelers. 'Hit pears like twan't right to come,' said the woman beside me, 'cause the flood was sent to turn us back.' I was trying to discourage this idea when suddenly there was a snap outside. The driver jerked up the mules, put on the brake and told us we should have to get out. A piece of the harness had broken. Far down the road, probably an eighth of a mile, I could see a light and I knew it was the inn. I thought it better to walk that far rather than to wait on the uncertain chance of the harness being mended. So I got out and lifted or helped my five patients out into the mud and pouring rain and started with them to walk to the light. I think it was the longest walk I have ever taken. They were so tired and 'low-sperrited' and only two of them could really see that the light was getting nearer. But at last we did stumble into the house and were given two rooms, all there were to spare, with our clothes and shoes drying at a rather meagre fire."

Miss Neville added that great anxiety attends such trips because she must see to it that the infection of the eyes is not spread. She herself washes out the basins with a disinfectant; sees that clothes are properly cared for; and informs the landlady as to the way in which the towels must be washed.

On another of these journeys, Miss Neville was to bring down several children from one of the creeks where there was much disease and misery. Two of the children had serious diseases of the eye and the third was almost deaf. "Still they had a very fine time on the train," said Miss Neville. "I remember especially how happy little Polly Ann was and how she told Leanna, whose vision was not so good as her own, the sights we were passing. Even the deaf child, Abasha, was bright and talkative. Finally, we fell to discussing names of people and I asked Polly Ann what her other sisters and brothers were named. There was Lethy, an Orene and Arleny. Then she asked if I had any sisters and I told her one, named Mary. She looked at me seriously, repeating 'Mary.' Then she said, 'I never heard that name!"

A little fellow came down from the mountains and stayed at Miss Neville's home. The boy grew very homesick and Miss Neville was much put to it to entertain him and keep him satisfied. Finally he "lowed" he was leavin' the next day. His eyes were not well and Miss Neville trying to persuade him to stay, told him the story of Helen Keller. He listened very respectfully for a while, then put out his hands and stopped her. "I see you're laying me a parable," he said, "but I'm aimin' to leave tomorrer anyways."

Occasionally, a patient brought down to a hospital by Miss Neville, would develop some contagious disease, which made it impossible to keep him.

"Children have sometimes developed diphtheria in Lexington and we had to move them from the hospital. The first time this happened, we did not know what to do. After a while, I remembered an empty cottage on our block and, as it was summer, we had a cot moved into this house and kept the child there until he was well. Another time, a youth of twenty had been brought down for an abdominal operation. While he was under observation he developed the itch. We told him he could not remain but that he would be moved to this same cottage which served as a sort of emergency ward. I remember his astonishment at our serious treatment of this, to him, harmless malady. 'Hit ain't nothin' but the ech!' he told me, as we were getting him ready. But when he was able to go back to the hospital for the operation he seemed to have lost courage. He told us that his parents had given the doctors permission to 'put him to sleep' in Louisville, not Lexington, and that he did not believe the Lexington doctors knew how to 'put people to sleep.' I assured him this was not the case but he insisted and we sent him home. We never operate on any person who has not obtained written permission from his parents or guardian authorizing the step."

There are many mountain children who have never (*Continued on page 77.*)

A trachoma patient travelling to a clinic on a homemade stretcher

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The flivver, the cookie-jar, the judge, and

MA FISHER'S BLACK SHEEP

By Elizabeth Cooper

Illustrated by J. E. Allen

Mrs. Fisher watched with interest the woman who was slowly coming up the path

MRS. FISHER stood on the top cellar step with a dishpan of potatoes resting on her generous hip and watched with interest the woman who was slowly coming up the pathway. Her face plainly showed the pleasure she felt at the sight of her visitor and her blue eyes shone a welcome as she extended her hand to Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of a New York lawyer, who always came to spend the summer in the pretty bungalow built on the border of a little lake hidden in the hills of Pennsylvania.

"How do you do, Mis' Carlyle. I'm real glad to see you again'. I was feered you might not come up this Spring, it's bin so rainy." They went into the kitchen, a chair was brought by a little girl for Mrs. Carlyle, another for Mrs. Fisher, who seated herself with the pan of potatoes on her lap.

Mrs. Fisher sighed as she seated herself.

"Well, I'm glad you come up at this time. I mortal hate to peel potatoes but it's the only time I git to rest my legs and run my tongue. Have your folks bin well this winter?" she inquired.

The two women talked for a time regarding the health of their respective families, not without many interruptions from the children who passed in and out of the room, asking questions of the mother or receiving reprimands in no uncertain tones as her keen eyes watched them at their work or play. Finally she grew impatient of their noise and said:

"Wait a minit, Mis' Carlyle, til I git these young'uns to doin' their chores, then we can have a minit to ourselves." She went to the door and called Edna, who was making the air resound with hammer blows upon some piece of old machinery that he was evidently trying to put together.

"Johnny," she called. "Stop that hammering and git your night's wood. Sammy, git your calf feed ready. Willie, if I catch you playin' in them tomato plants agin, I'll thrash the daylights out of you. We ain't got enough plants this year as it is, without you diggin' 'em all up. Go feed your chickens and see if you kin find that rat hole in the coop. The rats is takin' our little chickens somethin' awful this year!" She watched with interest a little girl of about nine years of age come through the yard. As the girl came to the door, her mother said:

"My land of Goshen, child! What you got on your head?"

"It's a ribbon Mis' White give me," answered the little girl.

"Yes, but what you got it tied around that way fer?"

"It's the new style. It's like she ties hers."

"Is it? Then I don't think much of it. Looks as if you had a headache. Why don't you make a bow of it instid of wrappin' it around like a rag."

"Mis' White says that ain't stylish now."

"Stylish fiddlesticks! What's stylish fer city folks ain't stylish fer us. Take it off and keep it fer Sunday."

"Oh, Ma!" the little girl protested.

"Don't 'Oh Ma' me. Git that ribbon off and go change your apron. Help Edna git in the clothes and remember it's your night to wash the dishes. Sammy'll wipe and Jennie'll set up. Hurry along now."

A boy pushed past her, threw an armful of wood into the woodbox, then started hurriedly out through the front door of the house, but his evident desire to escape was not lost upon his mother, although her back was towards him. She turned quickly.

"Johnnie! No, you don't," she cried to the retreating form. "Git another armful of wood and some chips. That box ain't full yet."

"But I want to play ball, Ma. Floyd has come over," he said in an aggrieved voice. "He's waitin fer me."

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"Never you mind!" was the answer in a tone that showed refusal might be dangerous. "You git in your wood. Don't you say nothin'," as the boy started to speak. "You do as I say or I'll git the strap."

She left the kitchen door and again sat down with the pan of potatoes on her lap.

"The boys are all goin' crazy over the new ball team that Floyd Brannin' has got up and they chase around and yell every night fit to split their lungs. Well, I guess we kin have a spell of peace now and I'm glad as I'm plumb tired out."

"I see you washed to-day, Mrs. Fisher. Did you have a big wash?" inquired Mrs. Carlyle.

"Mortal big and I ain't through yet. I got to the dark clothes and there's some overhalls and sech like as is turrible to wash. I'll let 'em soak till to-morrow."

"You ought to have a washing machine," said Mrs. Carlyle.

"Yes, I know it and I'm goin' to git one when I sell the black heifer. Pa's bin goin' to git me one every year fer six years when he sold the hogs. But somethin' always happened that we couldn't spare the money, what with sickness and other things that had to come first."

"How did your canning come out last year? I left while you were in the midst of it. Did you put up many vegetables?" inquired Mrs. Carlyle.

"YES, quite some," was the answer. "I put up two hundred and fifty-seven quarts of tomatoes, a barrel of sourkrout, and would 'a put up high but the cut worms got into the cabbages and took off a lot before we could paris green 'em, and I done about sixty quarts of plums and cherries and apples and pie plant, and made some crab-apple butter and currant jell, and would 'a put up more but sugar was high. There was quite a lot on odds and ends from the garden, like peas and beans and corn that I done a new way and they kept real well. I didn't lose nothin' but some cold tomato catsup which spiled on me but I guess my rubbers was old. It never pays to use old rubbers but, when cannin' time comes, I need so many things that I have to skimp on some and I skimped on rubbers, which is foolish."

Mrs. Carlyle looked at Mrs. Fisher as she sat there peeling the potatoes and she asked, as she had asked many times before, "Mrs. Fisher, how *do* you do it?"

"Well, it keeps me what you might call busy! But it ain't so bad now Edna is bigger and takes a lot off my shoulders. But with the washin' and the ironin' and the mendin' and the patchin' and the cookin' and puttin' in the garden in the Spring and cannin' in the Fall, and keepin' the young 'uns fit fer school, I don't git no time to be very sociable. I ain't bin off the place but twice since you was here last Fall. One was to go to my brother's when he lost his oldest son and the other was when Ben's wife had a baby."

"By the way, how are the boys?" asked Mrs. Carlyle.

"They're all doin' real well. Ben's got a lot paid off his mortgage on his farm and bought some more cattle. He's milkin' forty head now. Claude's got the lumber back of some of Bonesdale and's haulin' props. He's got two teams over. Burt's workin' at the same place he was last year and Fred's drivin' an oil truck for the fuel company. It's awful hard work to drive a big truck over them roads but Fred's a good driver. You know he drove an ambulance in France!" she said with pride in her voice.

"Are the boys all back from France?" asked Mrs. Carlyle.

"Yes, they all come back all right."

"How many went over?"

"Three. They could 'a had five, if the Government had showed sense. When I heard there was a call fer the boys and that lots of 'em was gittin' out o' goin', claimin' they had families to support, I wrote my married boys that if I heard they were tryin' to git out of fightin' fer their country by hidin' behind their women's backs, they'd hear from me. I told 'em to send their wives and kids home, we had plenty of potatoes and lots of room in the attic to put up cots and I guess we could manage some way until the war was over. But the Government only took the married one. They said Claude had a rupture. Fiddlesticks! I guess if he could load props all day in the woods, he could carry a gun. But they wouldn't take him and Burt had something wrong with his eyes. I was mad clean through and wanted to write the man in Milford and tell him what I thought of him but Pa wouldn't let me. Jim and Ben and Bot went and they're back all safe and sound."

"Has Jim been back since he came home?" inquired Mrs. Carlyle.

THE mother hesitated for a moment. She was wondering if Mrs. Carlyle had heard any of the gossip regarding Jim since he had come back. He was the black sheep of her family and, although the father and every one else condemned him, the mother never gave up the hope that "it would all come right some time" and although for months she would not hear from him, regularly once a fortnight Jim received a letter from her or a box of cake or an apple pie or something to remind him of home and tell him that mother was thinking of him.

Finally she said, "No, he ain't bin home yet but he's workin' real hard and ain't had much time. He's drivin' a taxi in New York now!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Carlyle. "His stand is near my husband's office. He sends for Jim when he needs a taxi."

Mrs. Fisher turned eagerly towards her visitor. "Is that so?" she said. "Well, I'm real glad! Then I kin hear from you how Jim is from time to time. Does he look well?" she asked.

"Yes, he looked very well the last time I saw him," answered Mrs. Carlyle. She did not tell the mother that she had talked with Jim about his mother and that he had said he wrote home every week. Jim, of all the numerous Fisher brood, was no favorite with Mrs. Carlyle. The two women were quiet for a moment. Mrs. Carlyle wondering if it would do any good to speak to the mother about her son. She knew that it was only Mrs. Fisher that had any influence with her grown sons. This mother with her sharp tongue and her "strap" was the dominating character of the home, as the father was a kindly, good-natured man, too lazy to correct the children, too lazy to exert himself to move from the shady side of the porch in the summer and warm side of the stove in the winter, except when called to the table. Mrs. Fisher realized all of "Pa's" short comings and in moments of anger would tell him quite frankly that he "was good fer nothin' but to set." But she was loyal to him and would allow no one else to say a word against the head of the house. When a neighbor said one day in her hearing that "old man Fisher was jest too lazy to breathe well," she turned on him with flashing eyes and said, "He ain't lazy, he's jest tired. He's got the rheumatiz and can't work like some men do." That was not all she said and the unfortunate man retired from the scene, vowing never to mention Mr. Fisher's delinquencies again, at least in the presence of his wife.

MRS. CARLYLE decided to change the subject.

"How did that new cake receipt I sent you come out?" she asked.

"Fine and dandy!" Mrs. Fisher replied and the spirit of the creative artist shone from her face. "I made a drippin' pan full and they et it all fer supper."

Mrs. Carlyle knew her neighbor's love for making new dishes to tempt the appetites of her family which, although never complaining any lack of zeal in their labor three times a day at the table, still grew tired of the eternal salt pork and potatoes that usually formed their diet in the winter time. She had seen the same light in Mrs. Fisher's eyes as they surveyed a cake or pie that one sees in the eyes of a sculptor as he surveys his handiwork. The joy of creation, which is the same whether the work is a marble statue or simply a perfect rice pudding is one of those gifts of the gods which make the world a possible place in which to live.

"You must send your hired girl up and I'll show her—"

Mrs. Fisher was interrupted by a boy appearing in the doorway with a special delivery letter in his hand.

"Is Mis' Carlyle here?" he asked.

Mrs. Carlyle said, "Yes, what do you want?"

"Pa got a long distance telephone this morning sayin' to send me right over with this letter when it come. He said he'd give me a dollar if I'd hurry and I come over the hill in twenty minutes," said the boy proudly.

"Pa" was the postmaster at the station two miles away and Mrs. Carlyle wondered what could be amiss

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"Do you mean to tell me," she said "that you'll let our boy go by, only twelve miles away, with money that ain't his'n in his hand and not try to make him give it back?"

Google

They went up hill and down dale, over thank-you-mams
Fisher sat upright at the wheel; her face flushed, her

that would necessitate such haste with a letter, when a telegram would have come sooner.

She opened the letter and read: "Jim Fisher is in trouble. He took a bag containing a thousand dollars from a taxi-cab which he was driving. Judge Holden and I forgot the bag. When he remembered it, the man was gone and we have not been able to locate him. I put a detective on his track and am told that the boy bought a ticket for Scranton today. If he goes, he will pass through Hawley on 27. Can you get his father to meet the train and see if Jim will not come back and give himself up. The Judge is wild and swears he will send the boy to the penitentiary. You know the Judge—just, but not generous! I did not telegraph as we don't want the whole countryside to talk, until we see what can be done. Get some one busy."

Mrs. Carlyle did not speak. Her face, as she looked at the mother opposite her, showed that she was troubled. Mrs. Fisher noticed the expression and said:

"I hope it ain't bad news! Is Mr. Carlyle sick?"

"No," said Mrs. Carlyle hesitatingly. "It's—it concerns you—"

"Concerns me—what about me?" Then she leaned forward in her chair and her voice betrayed her anxiety. "It ain't about Jim, is it? He ain't sick, is he?"

"No," said Mrs. Carlyle. "He isn't sick. He's—he's in trouble."

"In trouble—what trouble?" and the mother's voice was sharp.

"I—I—hardly know how to tell you. I think you had better read the letter," said Mrs. Carlyle.

She handed the letter over to Mrs. Fisher who pushed it back.

"Read it to me, I ain't got my specks and its hard for me to read handwritin.' Read it to me!"

Mrs. Carlyle read the letter slowly. Mrs. Fisher never moved. She looked at the woman opposite her for a time, then she seemed to sense the words and her face blanched. She grew white to the lips.

"My boy a thief!" she said to herself in a voice hardly audible. Then she put up her head and said again, as if contradicting some one who was accusing the absent, "No, he ain't! It's some mistake. Jim ain't never done it. It's a mistake!"

Mrs. Carlyle said nothing. She felt there was nothing to say that would bring the colour back to that white face.

Finally Mrs. Fisher, turning to her eldest daughter who had come into the room and was looking inquiringly from one to the other, said, "Edna, where's your Pa?"

Edna said, "He's out in the cow barn."

"Go git him," commanded Mrs. Fisher curtly.

Nothing was said until Mr. Fisher shuffled into the house. She said, "Read him the letter, Miss' Carlyle."

As Mrs. Carlyle read the letter, Mr. Fisher's stolid face expressed nothing but he changed the great lump of tobacco in his mouth to the other cheek and she knew that what few emotions he possessed, were aroused.

"What'll we do, Pa?" asked Mrs. Fisher.

The man said nothing for a moment and she waited anxiously for his answer. Finally, he drawled, "I don't see that we kin do nothin'."

"But we must do somethin'," she said sharply, and she rose and went towards the man, who was leaning against a table. "We must do somethin', Pa!" she repeated.

"I don't see as there's nothin' we kin do. Jim's done somethin' he oughtn't to and he'll have to pay fer it."

An angry light came into Mrs. Fisher's eyes and a little flush rose to her cheeks. She began to walk up and down the room nervously.

"He's on that Scranton train! What time is it now?" she asked in a quick, jerky voice.

Mr. Fisher drew out his old silver watch. "Five-forty," he replied laconically.

"The train goes through Hawley at seven-five. Kin you drive there in time, Pa?" she asked.

Mr. Fisher looked at her in astonishment.

"Drive to Hawley? What do you mean?" he asked.

"Jest what I say. Kin we catch that train that's takin' Jim to Scranton?"

Mr. Fisher looked at her in a stupid, slow way, then he laughed. "I guess, Ma, this has turned your head. You know we couldn't and I ain't a goin' to Hawley. I couldn't do nothin' with Jim anyway."

Mrs. Fisher turned on him like an animal fighting for her young.

"Do you mean to tell me that you'll set here and not try to do something with Jim? That you'll let our boy go by, only twelve miles away, with money that ain't his'n in his hands and not try to make him give it back?"

"What good'd it do? I can't do nothin' with Jim and never could."

"Well, I kin! Ain't you goin'?" she asked in a low, tense voice.

"No I ain't," said Mr. Fisher in a tone that plainly said that he, for once, was going to be obstinate.

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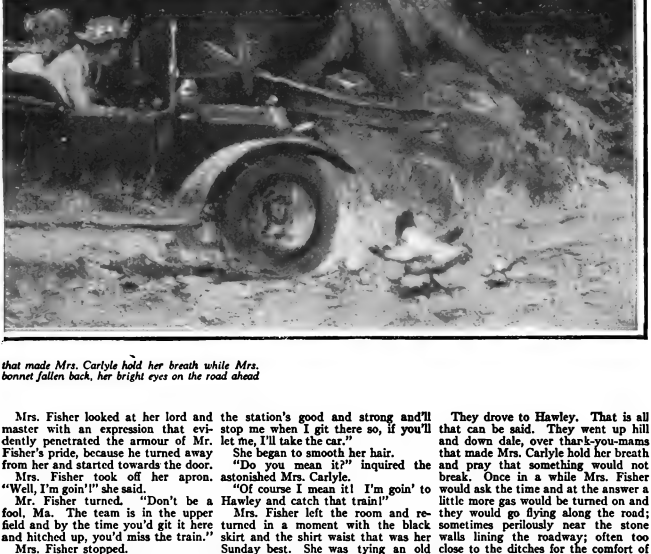

that made Mrs. Carlyle hold her breath while Mrs. bonnet fallen back, her bright eyes on the road ahead

Mrs. Fisher looked at her lord and master with an expression that evidently penetrated the armour of Mr. Fisher's pride, because he turned away from her and started towards the door.

Mrs. Fisher took off her apron. "Well, I'm goin'!" she said.

Mr. Fisher turned. "Don't be a fool, Ma. The team is in the upper field and by the time you'd git it here and hitched up, you'd miss the train."

Mrs. Fisher stopped.

"What'll I do?" she said. "What'll I do—I don't know—but—but I'm *goin' to my boy!*"

Mr. Fisher went to her and put his hand on her arm. "Now, Ma, be sensible. What could you do?"

"I don't know," she said, and her voice broke for a moment. "I don't know, but he's my boy and he's in trouble."

"He's done wrong—" commenced the father.

"I don't care what he's done. He's my boy, I tell you. Yes, you're agin him. Every one'll be agin him but his mother won't and I want him to know it. Perhaps he has done wrong but—he's my boy and I'm goin' to see him and see what kin be done." She was quiet for a moment, evidently trying to find some way out of the difficulty—finally, she turned to Mrs. Carlyle.

"Kin you run that Ford you got down there?" she asked.

"No," replied Mrs. Carlyle. "I have never touched it."

"Well," said Mrs. Fisher in a determined voice. "I'll run it! I don't know much about a car but I drove Fred's truck around the calf lot once and I know there's one thing you put your foot on when you want to go ahead and another when you want to stop. I kin go ahead all right, and the station's good and strong and'll stop me when I git there so, if you'll let me, I'll take the car."

She began to smooth her hair.

"Do you mean it?" inquired the astonished Mrs. Carlyle.

"Of course I mean it! I'm goin' to Hawley and catch that train!"

Mrs. Fisher left the room and returned in a moment with the black skirt and the shirt waist that was her Sunday best. She was tying an old fashioned bonnet on her head. Her daughter looked at her.

"Oh, Ma! Don't wear that old thing. It belonged to Grandma!" she said.

"I don't care if it belonged to Methusaleh," was the answer. "I'm not goin' to have no hat that'll blow and bother me. I'll need my hands fer somethin' else than holdin' on a hat. This is the only thing that has got strings." Edna started to say something and Mr. Fisher commenced remonstrating but "Ma" waved them both aside. "No, don't talk to me. I'm goin'. Now Edna, you must set bread to-night, there ain't more'n enough in the house fer supper, and don't let the boys set up all night with them White boys, and be sure and see Mary has her medicine in the mornin' and don't let Sammie ferget his chickens. Come on, Mis' Carlyle, we must hurry."

The two women, with Pa following, went down to the garage. Mrs. Carlyle went into the house for her hat and when she returned the car was out of the garage and Mrs. Fisher was red and nervous but with a determined look on her face that said plainly she was going to drive that car. "I am going with you," said Mrs. Carlyle as she took her place beside the driver, who did not reply being too busy trying to start the car up the inclined roadway.

They drove to Hawley. That is all that can be said. They went up hill and down dale, over thank-you-mams that made Mrs. Carlyle hold her breath and pray that something would not break. Once in a while Mrs. Fisher would ask the time and at the answer a little more gas would be turned on and they would go flying along the road; sometimes perilously near the stone walls lining the roadway; often too close to the ditches for the comfort of mind of the passenger. Mrs. Fisher sat upright at the wheel; her face flushed; her bonnet fallen back from her head, held by the ribbons around her neck; her bright eyes on the road. But at last they arrived at their destination and "Ma" turned into the street leading to the station. Smoke seen in the distance told them that the train was coming and Mrs. Fisher put on more gas and drove down the quiet little street at a rate of speed that caused every one to turn and stare at the car. But as Mrs. Fisher had said, the station was strong and helped to stop the car. The wheels had hardly stopped revolving before she was out of the car and had started for the train, but her thought for others even in her trouble made her turn around and say, "Ollie James'll take you home, Mis' Carlyle. He's at Watt's garage. He'll be glad to git a chance to see his folks who live just above us."

The train was in. Mrs. Fisher, without bothering about a ticket, climbed up the steps. As it was pulling out, she thought of the brood at home and grasping the railing with both hands she leaned over and called to Mrs. Carlyle as the train swept by: "Tell Edna not to ferget to set the bread."

The next morning when Mr. Carlyle came to his office, he found Mrs. Fisher

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and Jim waiting for him. He took them into his private office and had a long talk with them. Finally he said, "Mrs. Fisher, Judge Holden is very obdurate and says he will prosecute Jim when caught. He says he must be made an example of. I am afraid he is very stern.

He prides himself upon his justice, and it is justice without mercy. I have been talking with him since I received your telegram saying you were bringing Jim back but he will not listen to me." The lawyer was quiet for a moment, studying. Then he raised his head. "I think I will take you to Judge Holden, Mrs. Fisher. At least, we can try what you can do with him."

Mrs. Fisher and Jim followed the lawyer obediently and they went to the office of Judge Holden.

They left the boy in an ante-room and entered the private office of the Judge, who was the terror of every criminal who came before him.

The Judge listened coldly to the words and arguments of the lawyer but shook his head. "No," he said. "The boy is a thief and he should be punished. If he is let off this time, he will only commence again. He must be taught that he can not break the laws with impunity."

THE mother watched the hard face intently, then she said, "Judge, will you let me talk a minit? I've brung Jim back and all of the money except sixty dollars and we'll sell the black heifer and give you that. You won't lose nothin'."

"It is not the money, Mrs. Fisher," said the Judge in his cold, calm voice. "The boy must pay for his acts, even if the money is recovered."

Mrs. Fisher was quiet for a moment, then she looked up at the Judge and all her mother heart was in her eyes.

"Judge, he ain't nothin' but a boy and it's the first time he's done real wrong. He won't do it agin if you give him a chance."

"How do you know he won't? These taxi drivers here in New York are a bad lot and evidently this boy has bad friends."

The mother interrupted eagerly.

"That's right, Judge, but he won't stay here in New York. I'll take him back with me. He won't do nothin' wrong in the country."

The Judge looked at her.

"But he won't stay in the country, Mrs. Fisher. He has had a taste of city life and he'll never be satisfied in the country."

Mrs. Fisher leaned towards him eagerly.

"Judge, will you give me a try? Give me six months, and if it don't come out all right, if he won't stay, I'll bring him to you myself and you kin do what you want to with him. Just give me six months' try?"

The Judge looked again at the eager face opposite him. "How will you keep him in the country? I say, he won't stay!"

"But I say he will!" answered Mrs. Fisher. Then she laughed a little tremulously. "I was a-thinkin' of that in the cars when we was comin' down. I near wore my throat all out a-talking to Jim makin' him see that he must come back and give you the money. I was tired and I put my head back on the car seat and shut my eyes and thought what I would do if you'd let him off and it all come to me at once." She laughed again a quiet little laugh, "You know Judge, there's just one kind of a halter that'll hold a young colt and its—its—love. And as I was a-wondering what to do, little Mina Norton's face come to me. She's the daughter of a widow woman that lives right across the Lake from us and she's as pretty as a wild apple blossom. Jim ain't never seen her and I jest planned it all out. I'll say Edna is lookin' peakin' and I'll send her over to Fred's for a few days, then I'll tell Mis' Norton that I don't see how I kin git my work all done on my bakin' day, and she'll send Mina over to help me. You know, Judge, I'll have Jim see her first when she's dressed in her big blue apron, that's jest the color of her eyes, and her face all flushed from lookin' in the oven, and her hair all in soft curls around her face that's got a little flour up on the temples where she's brushed the curls back, and—and—Judge, I jest *know* he'll stay!"

Mrs. Fisher looked anxiously into the Judge's face and evidently she saw something that gave her hope. The Judge was playing with a paper knife and the hard lines were softened around his stern mouth.

"Bakin' day!" he said to himself. "It makes me see my mother—and I can hear her say, 'Johnnie, take your hand out of that crock, you've eaten enough cookies.'" Then seeming to notice the silence he looked up.

"You were saying, Mrs. Fisher—yes, but when the romance is over—"

"The romance won't be over, Judge. I won't let it finish till the marriage bells ring—and not even then I hope. The widow needs a man on her farm. She can't do nothing since Mr. Norton died and Jim is a good farmer and he'll do well for her."

"But how about the girl?" said the Judge. "She might not care for Jim."

"He's a good lookin' boy, isn't he?" inquired the mother.

"Yes," replied Judge Holden. He's a good looking scamp!"

The mother frowned at the last word. "I'm a little hard o' hearin' at times, Judge, and I jest didn't catch your last words, but I heard you say he was good looking, which he is. And Mina is jest at the age when she's lookin' fer romance, when she sees a possible sweetheart in every boy that comes near. She's lookin' fer a hero to worship and I'll make Jim a hero if I have to throw her into the Lake and git him to rescue her. Jest leave it all to me, Judge, I'll make it come out all right."

The Judge was quiet for a moment, then he looked up and said, "Mrs. Fisher, I'll give your boy a chance. Take him back with you and see what can be done. Perhaps I'm foolish—but—well, take him home with you and let me know in six months how it all comes out."

FOR the first time in the interview Mrs. Fisher's lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears. She fumbled with something in her lap and started to say something but evidently could not trust her voice. Finally she stood before the Judge and holding out her hands towards him said:

"I can't say what I want to—I jest can't—but—but—Judge, do you like cake?"

The Judge smiled into the face before him that was trying so bravely not to show what the heart was feeling, and he said, "Why, yes, although I have not eaten much these last years. It doesn't taste like it used to!"

Mrs. Fisher started towards the door and the Judge politely followed her and opened it.

"Judge, I can't thank you! I can't say nothin' and I can't do nothin' but—" she laughed a little brokenly, "but—you're goin' to git the best cake and the best batch of cookies that you ever set your teeth in, since your mother slapped your hands fer stealing from the cookie jar!"

"Nothing I'd like better," said the Judge, and something in his voice gave Ma Fisher to understand that the cake would receive a royal welcome. She caught Jim by the arm and hurried away down the corridor.

As the Judge turned back to his desk, Mr. Carlyle gave him a quizzical glance.

"A good woman," said the Judge emphatically, "a good woman is above the law!"

THE masterpiece of America is her human product—her men and women. Her lawyers sit in the councils of the nations and their words are words of wisdom. Her doctors go out over the world carrying healing to suffering humanity. Her women keep step with the men. Her machinists, her workers, are carrying the world on their shoulders. They are America! Yesterday America was at war. The whistle blew—Time! The job was done. America straightened her back, wiped her brow, and smiled. Peace had come. But to-day America faces the greater task—the work of Peace. To it, America: Speed up your wheels, your ships, your Soul.

A. P.

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Be it known that his name is Franklin Chase Hoyt and his title, Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Sketches by Angus MacDonall

WHEN Hugh Walpole came from England to New York the other day, he first—being a good Britisher—paused only long enough to shut off the steam heat in his hotel bedroom and open a window, then grabbed his hat and asked to be directed to the Children's Court. No native he ran across could tell him offhand where the building was located. But on his first real day in America he found the Children's Court and entered it.

"Galsworthy told me I mustn't miss this above all things," said Hugh Walpole. "Galsworthy said that the New York Children's Court was the most interesting thing he had seen in America."

Which may or may not have been a tribute to the court. One must remember that Galsworthy's "Justice" and other writings are proof positive that to the Galsworthy mind penological stupidity and penological barbarity are of tremendously gripping interest. The fact is outstanding, however, that these visitors from far off, and others I might name, show an interest in the Children's Court that is worse than rare among New Yorkers of the present day.

If the man living in the shadow of the court does not so much as know the name of the young man in whose power it lies to make or remake—or break—the thousands of little souls constantly passing before him; then the residents of the hinterlands where, if there is a children's court, his influence is also being felt, cannot be blamed, perhaps, for their ignorance of his work and personality. Let it, therefore, be made known herewith that his name is Franklin Chase Hoyt; that he is on the sunny side of middle age; that he is a grandson of a strong figure who loomed large in a great period of American

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history, the late Salmon Portland Chase; that his job is officially known as Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of the City of New York and that he is the beginning, present and end of that court and all its works and pomps.

"See the bench there," said a court attendant, indicating the low dais and small-sized desk at one end of the room, on the day when I first visited the court. "Justice Hoyt did that. I don't mean he built it, of course, but he wouldn't let the carpenters drive a nail until he had personally figured out just how high that platform should be, exactly the way Belasco might work out a little detail in a stage setting and for the same reason."

All of which was true and interesting but not particularly illuminating. Was it possibly indicative of a mind merely finicky, over-meticulous, fussily precise? While I wondered the judge entered and the daily grind began.

All day long they—the little ones—stood before him with bowed heads. There were benches at the rear of the room where others might have sat and watched and listened, but I, alone, was the audience. There were dependent cases, tragic cases, sordid cases and just plain cases. I might select one of the spectacular cases to tell about here, in all its details, but the result would be —well, perhaps, merely spectacular. On the other hand the plain case, the average case, is an interesting case because it is enormously more frequent during the day's grind, therefore more illuminative of an institution which men of the intellectual calibre of Galsworthy and Walpole found "the most interesting thing in America."

WE might select at random, for instance, the case of a little lad, whom we shall call Tommy Tucker, and his "gang," following the troubled Tommy from the day I saw him first enter the court until, about a week later, he was again and for the last time, brought into the presence of Justice Hoyt at the "continued hearing" of Tommy's case.

Tommy's trouble didn't seem a trouble at all in the beginning; quite the contrary. Joyously along sunlit Avenue A Tommy had trooped with his companion—Jimmie, leader of the "gang," and Abie and Eddie and Tony. Beside the poultry dealer's outdoor stand, unguarded, invitingly stood the box of "dressed" chickens. The poultry man was far in the rear of his shop. Jimmie, the forceful leader, had had great dealings with women of the neighborhood—Mrs. Smolz and Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. Slovak—who would pay a boy a whole dollar for a turkey or a pair of chickens, and no questions asked.

Done! And then for Tommy and his "gang," a delirious day of great wealth; movies and candy and subway rides and more movies that night! Midnight and great weariness from a surfeit of illicit joys; Tommy's tired legs at last climbing the tenement steps, black forebodings weighing on his heart; then the stranger, he of the metal badge, who is sitting, waiting, beside Tommy's weeping mother and Tommy's stern-faced father as Tommy cautiously opens the door and enters; the instant of black, freezing horror as the big man with the badge steps forward and says to Tommy: "Come along."

Follow now the long hours in the detention rooms of the "Crooltie" building, with visions of a gray, terrible court room awaiting,—a sombre, ominous court building it will be, no doubt, all ribbed with iron bars, echoing with the harsh cries of a beetle-browed judge, who probably will pound his fists on a desk and shout at one and send one onward at last through clanging gates, there to remain until at last one is bundled off to that horror of all horrors, the far-away "Instooshun," there to be separated for months—or will it be years?—from Pop and Mom and home and friends!

One cannot altogether blame Tommy if bitterness begins to succeed his first wild terrors. He never done nuthin' before, certainly never'll do nuthin' wrong again, if they only'd let bygones be bygones and call quits. And why pick on me, Tommy Tucker—why didn't the cops pinch Jimmie, who started everything, and Abie and Eddie and Tony, too? Jimmie is a bad boy — "a real crook"—even Tommy is ready to admit that; and yet, here is a cruel, indiscriminate "justice" bent upon insisting that Tommy is as bad as Jimmie, that he, Tommy, should be sent Tommy to the "Instooshun," send him to physical and spiritual damnation.

One can quite believe that when Tommy is brought from the Gerry Society's rooms the next morning and led into the Children's Court building its mental state is such that he takes little note of the fact that his preconceived notions about the building were all wrong. Perhaps he is only vaguely conscious that there are no iron bars, no clanging gates; that for him and his kind has been erected an edifice of gray granite, white marble and Flemish oak and noiseless elevators and wide clean rooms, a thing of quiet simple beauty. . There is nothing prison-like about the big room—the waiting room with the long line of benches stretching away like church pews—into which he is led from the elevator.

SEATED now beside his red-eyed mother, with no guard near him, he might, from all outward appearances, be sitting in the well-appointed marble and oak waiting room of one of New York's great railroad terminals. Up and down the wide aisles from time to time move certain business-like yet kindly-faced men or women, who carry notebooks and sheaves of long yellow papers. These are the unpaid, the unsung "Big Sisters" or "Big Brothers"—Jewish, Catholic or Protestant volunteer workers in the Children's Court—heroes and heroines all, who, alone of all the citizenry of the metropolis, seem to take the slightest interest in little Tommy's plight. These, a "Big Brother" or a "Big Sister" or perhaps an official probation officer of the court, quietly beckon to a child and to mother or to a group of children and their parents at varying intervals, whereupon the individual defendant or little group rises and disappears through the great door leading to the softly lighted court room adjoining. And there they meet with—what?

Well, I think that even the jangling nerves of Tommy must have felt some of the spell of the peace and content permeating that room—with its soft richness of Flemish oak walls, its ceiling that is partly a sky of creamy and delicately tinted medallions and partly a great square of leaded glass skylight. Perhaps, however, it is supposing too much to say that our particular Tommy found the room especially inviting, for I know that just as Tommy was approaching the door to the courtroom he had suffered another great shock. Converging toward the door simultaneously, each called from waiting-room benches beyond Tommy's ken, came Eddie and Abie and Tony and the arch-conspirator of all, Jimmie.

Hully chee! The hull gang! Mebbe —mebbe—it won't be such a cinch to say, "Naw, I didn't do it," seein's the cops knowed just who to pinch!

The two court officers are quietly working away at desks along a side wall of the court but to Tommy and his companions there is, at this mighty moment, only one figure in the room, in all the world. There he sits, a keen-eyed young man, wearing a flowing, impressive robe of black, sitting silently, appraisingly, through big, round, glinting spectacles straight across his desk into one's very heart. He could reach right over that desk, against the outer edge of which one's jacket buttons press, and shake one savagely. But there is no movement, no sound except the deafening ticking of the thin gold watch lying beside his loosely locked fingers. Gosh, if he'd only begin!

UP on the little platform and at this terrible being's left is a roomy chair. Somebody, a grown-up, is standing in front of the chair with right hand raised. The oath is solemnly intoned by the awesome Judge—not chattered, as sometimes, often, happens in other courts. . . . *"And nothing but the truth—so—help—you—God!"* And now the grown-up is seated and has begun the scathing tale of accusation, a tale that Tommy and Jimmie and all the gang know is fearsomely true.

The accusations have all been made. The probation officer or "Big Sister" standing beside Jimmie's end of the line is scribbling a note or two. Sighs, hard swallowings, behind the culprits remind them that the mother or father of each boy is standing just behind him. Silently, almost expressionless, the frightful judge again for a moment sends his glance along the row of bowed heads.

"Jimmie," he begins at last, and his tone is quite casual, "you have heard the charges just made against you. What have you to say about them, Jimmie? Look up—don't be afraid. Did you take one or more of those chickens, Jimmie?"

"Naw, sur."

Silence again. The young judge

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Beyond that open doorway await momentous decisions—decisions that may change the future for that mother and make a sturdy and reliable citizen of her boy

briefly scans some papers. He puts the papers aside, leans back in his chair easily and once more addresses Jimmie in matter-of-fact fashion. Gosh, this judge ain't so fierce after all!

"Er—let's see, Jimmie—you've been arrested before, haven't you?"

"Naw, sur."

Bam! The crack of a pistol shot could not be more startling than the angry smack of the Judge's palm on his desk, the instant change that has come over him, the quick way he leans forward intently, righteous wrath crackling back of the big round spectacles.

"How *dare* you stand there and brazenly lie to me like that, Jimmie!" he storms—and he snaps out the words with machine-gun rapidity. "You were before this court on May 4 last and again on May——"

"B-b-but I was b-b-before Judge Collins both them times, Judge—I—I thought, Judge, you meant wuz I ever before you. Judge, when yuh asked——"

"Stop! Don't pile up the lies, Jimmie, I asked you a simple question. You understood it. Your answer was a lie!"

Cripes! This guy in the gown *kin* git mad, can't he?—when a feller lies to him. But his stormy moments seem to pass as quickly as they come. He turns to Tommy, next in line, and again his tone is almost casual.

"Tommy, what have you to say? Did you take any of those chickens, Tommy?"

"N-n-no, sur."

Another long minute of silence. The question is put to Abie and Eddie and Tony. No, no, no. The chickens undoubtedly stole themselves!

But this Judge has not lost hope. Within a few minutes he has learned from the complainants or from a probation officer or Big Brother or Sister sufficient to convince him that Tommy and Jimmie *et al.*, are guilty. It is evident, however, that he is not minded lazily to "settle" the case then and there by imposing punishment or by a reprimand and freedom. This young Judge, in fact, intends never to end the case. If Tommy's troubles are to be ended, Tommy must end them himself.

And as the little defendants are being led away to make room for the next case the worried souls of Tommy and his pals foster three elemental ideas, all implanted by the young Judge—that on a given day a week or so later they are to be brought into the presence of the Judge again at a "continued hearing" that in the meantime they will be more or less constantly under the supervision of certain grownups; that when they appear again in court their fate is to be decided.

I made a point to be present on the

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"Jimmie," he begins and his tone is quite casual. "Look up—don't be afraid. Did you take one of those chickens?"

day that was to make or break Tommy Tucker. Tommy and I and all the "gang" saw immediately that the "continued hearing" was noticeably different from that first day in court. In the first place, the young Judge was not sitting in the big court-room but in "Part II," a room which, despite its impressive title, seemed to be just a fair-sized office, intimate in tone and beautiful but simple in its appointments. And now the judge wore no black gown to keep one aloof from such everyday articles as pin-striped business suits and colored cravats. Yet dignity had not departed; it merely was graciously permitting one to approach closer to it in this room called "the heart of the Children's Court." But not too close.

At his desk, in the little room, sat the Judge, more years seemingly having been cast off his young shoulders with the shedding of his robes. In and out of the room came and went, as they had come into and gone from the big "Part I" a week before, Gertie, not yet in her teens but charged with, and guilty of, revolting immoralities; a prosperous business man and his wife, jealously holding a richly garbed infant at one end of the Judge's desk while orally the Court scarifies the souls of a hangdog group at the other end of the desk—criminal parents and other relatives of the infant who, by attempts at blackmail, are making life burdensome to the business man who adopted the baby when its parents had deserted it; and, always passing in review before the Judge, the interminable line of innocent children and guilty parents charged with improper guardianship.

Yet when Tommy and Jimmie and their "gang," followed by their mothers, once more find themselves lined up before Justice Hoyt's desk they can not be blamed for believing—as each little protagonist in the endless stream of Children's Court dramas must always believe—that the Judge, his court, the court's entire time, all the beautifully equipped building has been brought into being solely to consider Tommy's particular case.

Instantly the young Judge seems to remember the first name of each. Better still—or worse, according to the viewpoint—the Judge at this "continued hearing" in some uncanny way appears to have a startlingly intimate knowledge of one's home life, school life, street life. He knows how many brothers and sisters Tommy has; how much his father earns a week; the sanitary and moral conditions of Tommy's home; all about the physical and mental condition of Tommy, Jimmie and all the rest; how much rent the lad's parents pay; whether the family goes to church; what their pastor thinks about them; the school teacher's brutally candid opinion of each lad; how many days they have been absent from school during the entire year; the exact number of persons in each of their homes; the precise number of rooms; the number of families in the building; the type of architecture and the way the house is kept in repair—even about that sister of Tony's that was taken to a hospital and is dying now of tuberculosis.

He knows all these things about every boy and girl that enters "the heart of the Children's Court," these and countless other items too delicately intimate even to hint at here. A glance through the long, yellow sheaves of paper on his desk—the remarkably compact and comprehensive "Investigation Reports" —tells him these things. Justice Hoyt originated and perfected these reports. No other court in the world has them. And so it is that when he begins his second, and, in this case, last talk with Jimmy and Tommy *et al.*, he knows, on the testimony of physician, pastor, teacher, landlord, neighbors and others, more about Tommy than Tommy knows himself. And, as he gives a final glance at the yellow papers before putting them down, he mumbles something about "truancy."

Now he has settled back comfortably in his chair and is about to wade into the big job that has become his one absorbing interest—the spiritual, mental and bodily reconstruction of the pitiful thousands of little ones whom he, almost single handed, must save from themselves.

"Miss Kelly," he remarks in an aside to the "Big Sister" who is standing at one end of the double line of children and parents, "please make a note that Tony is to be sent over to our clinic for a mental and physical examination. Better have the doctor look Eddie over too.

"Well, boys," he begins, turning the big round spectacles full blast upon the quick breathing "gang" again. "You all seem to be absent from school many half days, some of you many whole days, each month. How many of you play hookey? Come on, boys—if you find it hard to answer in words just raise your hands."

The five grimy pairs of hands remain as motionless as the desk behind which the hands are hidden.

"Now boys, there's one thing you don't seem quite to understand. Telling the truth never hurt any boy or girl in this court. Sometimes the truth helps him! I don't mean, remember, that truth-telling saves him from punishment when he deserves to be punished but I do know that there never has been a boy before me who hasn't found out that telling the truth is better than telling me a silly lie. You all have sense enough to know that it's not hard for this court to go elsewhere and get proof that you did or did not play hookey or, for that matter, to find out whether or not you are telling the truth about other and more serious wrong doing you may be accused of. And now, let's begin all over, boys. How many of you played hookey on those days when you were absent from school? Raise your hands."

Reluctantly, a dirty hand that belongs to Tommy appears above the edge of the desk and very slowly is raised a few inches. The court makes a brief acknowledgment of Tommy's belated truthfulness—not an enthusiastic acknowledgment but a matter-of-fact word of appreciation of a matter-of-fact act. Now Abie's hand steals aloft.

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now Eddie's, now Tony's. There is an appreciable stretch of silence while the universe stands still, waiting for Jimmie. Jimmie's hand, at last, goes up!

"Now, boys, boys!" says the young Judge, his voice threaded with real sorrow, "why did you refuse to raise your hands, why did you act a foolish lie, in the first place? Isn't it better and don't you all feel better now for having at last told the truth? Of course you do. A terrible thing, a lie is, boys. Terrible! Terrible!

"You may put down your hands, boys. And now I'm going to ask you to tell me something else and this time tell me with your lips, not merely by raising your hands. And I want you to think seriously before you answer and to remember what I have just said—that telling the truth may not help a boy to escape deserved punishment but that it never, never harms his case. I'll begin, I think, with Tommy. Look up, Tommy. Don't be afraid."

I believe that, as the Judge leans forward and looks into Tommy's eyes, Tommy is thinking there is nobody else in the world except this young Judge. I am absolutely certain that for the moment, in the mind of the Judge, no human creature ever lived, lives or will live again except Tommy.

"Tell me, Tommy—come on, boy—look right at me—tell the truth—did you help steal those chickens?"

"Y-yes, sur."

And Abie, Eddie, Tony, Jimmie—even Jimmie—at last have said the "yes, sur," that is the beginning of the end. Time and patience are needed but success at last is achieved.

"Good! You are beginning to show the right spirit now, boys," the Judge is saying. "Jimmie, I noticed, was slow to follow your example and I'm afraid I'll have to talk seriously to Jimmie now.

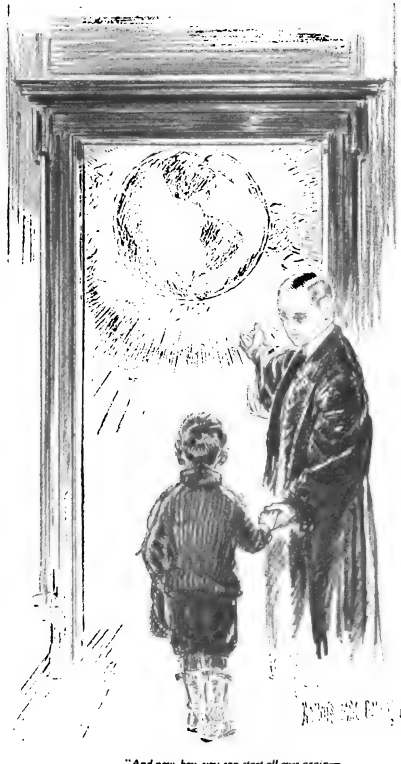
"Jimmie! Listen to what I have to say. From the first moment you came before me until now, you have been the least truthful of all the boys before me. Time and again in the past this court has given you a chance and you've always refused to accept it. During the past week, I have talked to Justice Collins about you and I learn that again and again while on probation you have broken your promises. Now I find you assisting, even leading, other boys to steal. You must understand, Jimmie, that, although I am tremendously interested in every boy or girl that comes before me, that interest, great as it is, always comes second to my greatest interest and duty—my duty to society—to all the other Jimmies and Tommies and Tonys and everyone else, big and small, in this great city.

"You persist in harming others, Jimmie. You will not even try not to harm yourself. I don't believe you're hopeless, Jimmie—far from it. I do know that chance after chance has been given you and you still refuse to try to make good. Very well! We shall have to try another method."

There is a sharp gasp from the thin, white-faced woman standing just back of Jimmie—Jimmie's mother. Quicker than Jimmie, she senses what is in the young Judge's mind. And, as the Judge rapidly signs his name to a paper and a court officer steps to Jimmie's side, her wild scream rends the room. Insane with terror; her piercing screams rising higher and higher; clawing, fighting the court officers who have grasped her arms; calling on God and the law and all mankind to save her Jimmie for her; she is half carried from the room. Jimmie, shaken with sobs, is led along behind her.

"God in Heaven—my Jimmie—I'll work my fingers to the bone, Judge, if you'll let me have my Jimmie! I'll keep him from—"

The door is closed upon her. Faint and fainter her screams come back from the corridors to the little courtroom—where now four ashen-faced little boys stand, frankly weeping, where five had stood a moment before. Only the sobs of the four remaining mothers, unstrung by the quick tragedy, break the awful silence. The "Big Sister" still stands motionless, her head bowed. And the



"And now, boy, you can start all over again—now!—and grow up to be a good citizen of this wonderful city and country of ours"

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head of the young Judge is also bent low as he sits at his desk. His eyes are closed—have been tightly closed since Jimmie's mother first screamed. This young Judge, you see, has a wife and a baby of his own at home.

Slowly he raises his head at last and he opens his eyes and turns a troubled look toward the four pale, silent boys before him.

"Well?" he says at last, and there is a world of meaning in the word.

"There isn't any boy standing at your right now, is there, Tommy?" he goes on slowly. "Out in another room, boys, they are making last arrangements before taking Jimmie away. And during all the long winter months to come, his poor mother's heart will be breaking in her little home because Jimmie is not there and because of the disgrace he has brought upon himself and her. And I think, boys, that during the months that Jimmie is separated from his mother, from his little friends, his home, there will be many nights when Jimmie, too, will cry himself to sleep."

The young Judge straightens up in his chair. A new note comes to his voice. His eyes flash! No time now for dramatic, impressive pauses, but only a quick flood of words that overwhelms one.

"And why, boys? *Why?* He broke his word! Not once, but time and time again. He would not let us help him. He would not help himself. I'm not responsible for Jimmie being sent away, boys. He is!

The sudden fire dies from the Judge's eyes. After a moment his voice goes on calmly again.

"And now, boys, I'm going to tell you what I've decided to do with you. You have committed a great wrong, a terrible wrong, but I am going to give you just one chance to show me that you are ready and willing to start right in and make what amends are possible. You never can right that wrong but you can start all over again—now!—and behave yourselves and so grow up to be good citizens of this wonderful city and country of ours. You may go back home now with your mothers on probation until—"

Great sighs of relief, something approaching grins lights up the line of faces. Quickly the Judge checks himself and again he is stern.

"Don't think this case is ended, boys," he cries. "You are not to go out from this building, like some boys I've known, and say to your companions, 'The Judge was easy—he let me off.' I'm not letting you off. I couldn't even if I wanted to. Probation doesn't mean that. Probation means that you are to go to school regularly; obey your parents; stay off the street at night; go to bed at a decent hour; stay away from bad gangs; behave yourselves—and report to the probation officer at stated times, until I am convinced that you really have become good boys. I shall never end this case. If it is to be ended at all, you must end it by behaving. If you don't—well, always keep Jimmie in mind."

Then the final word which, in one form or another, every little potential good citizen hears as he is started along the narrow path:

"But you can end it, Tommy—and you, Abie, and Eddie and Tony—all of you. Why, boys, the minute you came before me the other day I could see that you had the right stuff in you. It was a frightful thing you did, boys, but you're going to wipe that terrible misdeed out as far as possible now, aren't you? Why, of course you are! That's all—for the present."

And if young Justice Hoyt were given to gambling, he could add enormously to his bank account by betting even money he would never again see Tommy or any of the other boys or girls brought before him on any given day. The odds would be exactly seventeen to three in the young Judge's favor or enough to make him wealthy. In other words, just eighty-five out of every one hundred children who are brought before him for wrong-doing "go straight" ever after.

Every delinquent boy and girl who passed before him during the days I was in his court received exactly the same attention he gave to Tommy, the details of the treatment and time devoted to each case varying, of course, with the varying natures and misdoings of the different culprits. And, in between, he was giving the same intelligent attention to the appalling list of court cases that have to do not with juvenile delinquency but with moral laxness on the part of parents. How he manages to give so much attention to each little defendant and at the same time keep his court from being clogged I don't know. I don't think Justice Hoyt knows. But rich or poor, each boy receives the same careful attention. Little Harold of the ringlets and leather leggings sits side by side with ragged little Tony or Mickey or black-faced little George and their fates lie together in the palm of one young man's hand.

"Probation means that you are to go to school, obey your parents, stay off the streets at night, give up bad gangs and behave yourself"

TO tell of the daily court assistance and the "follow up" work of the "Big Sisters," "Big Brothers," and probation officers; of the medical clinics secured by Justice Hoyt for his court; of the rents paid, the belated marriages brought about; transportation secured for entire families to distant cities; the food and clothing supplied—these more or less extraneous activities of the Children's Court could scarcely be told even in a separate article. All that can be attempted here is to convince Pop and Mom that even if Junior does bust that plate glass window some day he probably will escape the "Instooshun" and damnation—if Junior has the right stuff in him—and if Presiding Justice Franklin Chase Hoyt and his associates are still on the job.

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John McDowell, aged fifty. At eight years of age he was a boy coal miner, until he was injured. To-day, he might be called the "Voice" of the Presbyterian Churches where social and industrial questions are concerned

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

By Francis R. Bellamy

EXPERIENCE of life is, of course, a matter of personal contacts. For most of us, circumstances—Fate if you like—limit that experience. It is only the unusual man who defies Fate. For him, life takes on a wide range and a vital meaning. He becomes a leader and a prophet because he has seen his fellow men and understood them. Seldom, however, does a man accomplish this by accident. Behind the accomplishment, there is always that supreme quality that has dominated the Caesars and Napoleons of the world, as it has produced our Lincolns, our Columbuses, our Roosevelts, as it has given us our great literature, our great music, our great inventions—the power of an indomitable will!

Consider Carlyle, amidst the ashes of his manuscript of the "History of the French Revolution," sitting down, undaunted, to reconstruct the labor of years; Stevenson on his bed of pain in Samoa, waking in the dawn to carry on "The Weir of Hermiston"; exiled Wagner in his Parisian attic, defying the ridicule of his age to pen the harmonies of Lohengrin; Fabre, still bending down at eighty over the spiders in his garden in Southern France to extract one last secret! History, indeed, is the saga of the indomitable human will. Herewith, one more tiny piece of that great mosaic.

FORTY-TWO years ago this Spring, from a cheap frame house above the coal mines on the hills about Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, there came a tow-headed, freckled-faced boy of eight, John McDowell, with a little Scotch jaw and eyes a trifle deep-set. In his mind was a childishly tragic picture of the frame house he had just left; of a Scotch family in sad straits; a God-fearing, dour father and a mother, trying to make ends meet and not succeeding, eating oatmeal and living up to the very last comma of the Shorter Catechism—with always more Catechism than oatmeal—and, in their minds, one eternal question, "Should a child grow up stunted, or go to work to keep the wolf from the family door?"

Childish minds, however, do not retain tragic pictures. For a moment only, this boy stood by the straggling fence, looking down at his nondescript overalls and heavy shoes. Then he set off cheerfully down the road toward a distant group of shacks and chimneys surrounded by great piles of coal. Twenty minutes later, he took his place on the grimy side of the coal-breaker in the choking dust and dirt, his eyes watching the sooty lumps fly by, his hands busy pulling out pieces of worthless slate. He had said goodbye to his childhood and gone to work!

IN the Pennsylvania coal mines forty years ago existence was a curiously simple, bare affair—an existence that knew want and trouble and violent death as daily comrades. For young McDowell, however, it was an existence that first taught him that what his God-fearing

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Coal mining is hard, lonesome work at best. The picture at the left shows miners drilling with augurs in a twenty-inch vein of coal far underground. The picture below shows how the work used to be done with pick and shovel when McDowell was a boy

father and mother said around the lamp at night was indeed the truth of the world. To the McDowells, religion was fundamental. There might be no oatmeal in the house on the hill but from first to last there must be a pew in the church in the village, and a family pew. "Religion is fundamental," said the elder McDowell. From the beginning, every year in the mines reinforced that truth in the boy. No discussion at night, when the shift changed, that did not center finally about that ever-present topic. Few talks, too, that did not end with Robertson, the big Scotch miner, hitching his trousers, as he rose to enter the cage and saying, as he looked around on his rough companions, "A weel, a mon's a mon for a' that!"

Childhood, indeed, doesn't forget such nights as the one when Tom Phillips touched off the powder in the mining pocket and the backfire exploded instantly and the heavy boom told the boy at the shaft of the tragedy. Jack McDowell never forgot how he plunged into the smoke and found Tom on the ground, tried to carry him and felt the blood running over his arms and heard his last words, "Take me home to Bessie, Jack." Nor of how he staggered out and said to the men about the cage, "Tom's killed!" and the silence that fell on the group of rough men. No midnight dinner that night, only a silent assent to putting back the canteens on their racks and a sentence from the one criminal of the shift: "We can't go back, lads, wi'out a prayer for Tom!"

It is impossible, however, for childhood to find life hard. John McDowell did not find existence unbearable at all. Work might be the portion of childhood as of old age but there were the stars at night when the shift changed and the men talked of mystical things beneath the midnight sky. There were the snowball fights at the mine head and, in winter evenings, the lamp in the parlor of the frame house. And, in the late summer afternoons, there was baseball. When the gang got together, too, there was the fun of mimicking your elders and your companions, particularly Bill Jack who stuttered. There is usually a mimic among a gang of boys. McDowell was the mimic in his. Stuttering was his specialty.

At fourteen, he no longer picked slate from the breakers. He had become a real worker — a car boy down in the mine, driving a mule in the tunnels and switching a car on the inclines. He bade fair to be a good, upstanding miner with a git of mimicry.

I say bade fair, for that was the moment when Fate chose to enter the drama of his existence and deal him the staggering blow. She followed him down into the mine one day and waited until he ran ahead of his car to switch it. Then she tripped him. And the heavy car ran him down! The heavy car dragged him and ground him and tore him, and only stopped as he fainted and shoved out his boot to keep it from killing him in the darkness. He had just enough sense as he fainted to shove off the mule and the mule ran out of the shaft and the men came down after what was left of John McDowell. A left arm torn off at the shoulder; a

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At right, a typical scene at the mouth of a slope mine in the anthracite region. Below, hauling coal to the shaft by mule power. It was amid such surroundings as these, that John McDowell got his first convictions on industrial and religious questions

crushed body and an injured throat was the verdict as they laid him on the bed in the house on the hill and wondered if he would recover.

On the bed, the boy begged for the truth. "How will I come out, doctor?" he asked.

The doctor looked at him where he lay. "I'm afraid, my boy, you will have only a brain left," he said.

"And a will!" McDowell tried to add with Scotch courage. But the final blow came with the effort. The nervous affliction caught at his throat and he found that he could only stutter.

"The judgment of God!" the frame house said.

Well, we are moulded in our youth, perhaps more than we realize. That the Scotch family in the company house felt no bitterness against the world which could sacrifice its children in this fashion; that there was only a bowing to the will of God - all this had its effect upon the boy in the weeks that followed as he slowly grew well and stared at his shattered body and wondered what would become of him in a world where brawn was the one necessity. There was no realization in his mind that he of one of the great schools of this had had six years experience country, was the man we remember as of an existence close to life and Dwight L. Moody. Few people there death and the eternal things were, who did not go to hear him at of men; no conception that life sometime or other during those years. already had given him a foundation for It was the first summer that McDowell a philosophy and an industrial faith was at public school that Moody came that could carry him far. As he lay on to Wilkes-Barre and most of the miners the bed, indeed, he only knew that he had been injured in a vocation that offered no livelihood for a cripple. What did a boy do in this world who had only a brain and a will left him at fourteen?

Such a boy went to school, perhaps, and made his brain of some use, he decided. For he did have a brain and he knew he could gain knowledge.

That thought was both the beginning of life and the beginning of struggle for John McDowell. At fifteen, he decided to put himself through school.

Forty years ago, however, the schools of the mining districts of Pennsylvania were not much like our schools of to-day. Rude buildings, simple, crude teachers, and a limited curriculum formed their characteristics. A graduate of such schools found himself at the end of his course no better fitted so far as the world was concerned, than the miner who had never entered their doors. If they had been the beginning and the end of opportunity for John McDowell, his story would have been a vastly different one.

It is curious, in this case, to notice how far the influence of a great personality reached, like the ripples on the shore hours after some distant ocean steamer has passed. One of the great evangelists of that day and the founder

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It is curious, in this case, to notice how far the influence of a great personality reached, like the ripples on the shore hours after some distant ocean steamer has passed. One of the great evangelists of that day and the founder of one of the great schools of this country, was the man we remember as Dwight L. Moody. Few people there were, who did not go to hear him at sometime or other during those years. It was the first summer that McDowell was at public school that Moody came to Wilkes-Barre and most of the miners flocked to town to hear him. Among them was the wife of the pastor of McDowell's church. In the auditorium at Wilkes-Barre, she listened to Moody's description of his school and his dream

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of helping young men and, in her mind, rose the tragic picture of young McDowell, with his broken body and Scotch will and sunny smile.

So she talked to the boy after Sunday school the next Sunday. "John," she said, "would you like to go to Moody's school in Massachusetts and prepare yourself for college?"

Tears filled his eyes.

Would he! "I will give you $100," she said, "if you can do the rest yourself."

If he could do the rest!

It seems almost unnecessary to record the fact that in the autumn he went to Mount Hermon, Moody's school.

Putting one's self through school is usually a struggle for a livelihood, at first, anyway. But a boy brought up in the rough school of the mines soon solved such problems. McDowell quickly enough found numberless jobs around the school that paid him enough to keep him going. So that he found himself fairly started on the livelihood part of his problem almost before he knew that he had done the job.

IT was not until he entered the class room, however, that his real battle came. It came then, not in an inability to learn the lessons but from an entirely different direction that almost made it seem as if Fate had decided finally against him. Of a sudden, he found himself unable to recite. His stuttering had become worse than ever. For a whole term, he did not recite although he learned his lessons. He was spending his time getting together money enough to go to New York and have his stuttering cured. Before he could save it, however, examinations came on and the issue was joined.

His teacher marked him too low to pass, although he knew he had written a perfect or practically perfect paper. In despair he went and asked her why she had marked him so low.

"Because you are never prepared in class," she answered.

"I thought you understood," he stammered. "I can't recite. I stutter."

She told him that she was sorry but the rules of the school required recitation.

For a moment his heart failed him. He had stuttered for years despite heart-rending attempts to cure himself. How could he recite? Then his Scotch will asserted itself.

"I'll good," he said bravely. "I will recite to-morrow."

The text book was Swinton's History of the world that term and the next day's recitation was Caesar's Campaign in Gaul. Perhaps you remember that Caesar with such names as Vercingetorix and the Allobroges and other simple words. When he rose to recite, the class snickered. This would be funny.

It was—at first!—for he caught on the very first sentence and hung there stuttering and stammering. No, he could not recite.

"That will do, Mr. McDowell," came the voice of the teacher.

It was like Armageddon to McDowell. "I will recite," he said desperately and he began. He waded through word after word while the teacher called to him to sit down. He set his teeth and went on. The class roared with laughter But not for long. Five minutes later it fell silent. McDowell was reciting. Ten minutes later it was spent. Then it applauded. And still McDowell waded through that hideous recitation. At the end of an hour he sat down. He had read a full page and won for life the admiration of every person in the room. He walked out into the street a conqueror. He never stuttered again! His will had conquered completely for the first time since he was injured.

He knew then the stuff he had in him if he could only bring it out. And he went out and looked longingly at the baseball field, his passion.

No, he could never play baseball again, nor football either, he decided. But tennis—could he play that with one arm? He decided he could. He did. He invented a method of serving with his one arm and he played. He played month in and month out and he played better and better. He played so well that he became tennis champion of Moody's school. And at nineteen he knew that accomplishment was a matter of will, whether one was born a Pennsylvania miner or an Emperor's son. . . . .

LIFE for most of us is determined by the strong personalities with whom we come into contact, drawing us this way or that. For McDowell, life seemed almost predetermined. Clothe a will and a brain in the characteristics of a Scotch Covenanter home, send him to work among the real, simple men of hard, physical toil, and then consider the swift impact of a pastor and his wife; a Bible-reading father; Dwight L. Moody; the professors of Princeton University; and what do you think will be the result?

Picture, too, a childhood in which religion had always been one of the stern realities of existence, the one fundamental without which there was chaos, both in individual, human life and in society. Glimpse for a moment the East side of New York twenty-five years ago, with its thousands to whom religion was a thing to be hated, a thing to be feared, and the church a symbol of persecution; and you have some idea of the youthful drama of John McDowell, Princeton graduate, spending his first summer doing social work, before he made a decision as to his life vocation.

Just a social worker for the summer—that was the job he took his first summer out of Princeton, with the Institutional Church over on First Avenue and East 63d Street.

It was a curious mixture of human beings that crowded the streets of that part of New York in those days—Jews, Russians, Poles, Germans and all the races of Southeastern Europe. Nor were they just races of men, either. Every variety and kind of sect and opinion known to mankind, from Freethinker to Anarchist, flourished and argued and mixed in the poverty stricken district at the doors of the Institutional Church. That church which was succeeded by the present Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

THE church itself was an up-and-doing affair for those days, too, with a relief fund, among other things, for helping these strangers so close to its gates. To administer this fund, and mix with and get to know the poor of the district so that the money would be wisely expended was young McDowell's first job.

For a whole summer he mixed on intimate terms with almost every kind of foreigner these United States can boast of. For, with youthful, naive enthusiasm, he made a complete survey of his district and tried to know everyone in it. He did not succeed in that, of course, but he did succeed in administering his relief fund with rare ability.

What is more, he got a brand new view of existence. And he found, somewhat to his surprise, that everyone did not believe in God and the Bible and the Shorter Catechism as they did in the Pennsylvania hills! Every one did not believe in the plain, simple things of man! Although they were plainly just men themselves, underneath, they did not seem to recognize other men as just men also, with men's ambitions and hopes and fears. They seemed to lose sight of such human attributes in others, and to use such terms as capitalists and proletariat, as classes and masses and direct action!

The thing hit McDowell between the eyes. Why, here was a colossal ignorance! A dangerous ignorance, an

IF anyone knows the true terms of the capital and labor problem, it is John McDowell. He began life as a car-boy and lost his arm in the black depths of a Pennsylvania coal mine at the age of fourteen. He has since become a social worker, clergyman, strike arbitrator and has had an experience of life such as is vouchsafed to but few men. He says that if industry is to serve humanity, its attitude must be changed from one of fear to one of faith. The democracy which will do this must be more than a form. It must be a spirit of justice and brotherhood upheld and strengthened by the church.

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ignorance which called a church, for instance, a corporation, an institution! Certainly the fact that these people were of different races from the miners of his boyhood could not explain that. Underneath, these people must be like everyone else. His own life had taught him that old Robertson, the Scotch miner, had said the truth when he remarked that "a man's a man for a' that!" It must be that these people had lost sight of the truth.

During all the weeks of the summer while he administered his fund; while he grew acquainted with his neighborhood; the question knocked at his mind. It grew even stronger as he got to know the heterogeneous mass of people who lived in the tenements and as he became able to sit at their tables and talk to them as a friend. Why, these people seemed to have lost sight even of the Biblical rules of life and character, to say nothing about their conception of the meaning of a church. Simply to remind them of the truth, would be a task calling for all the brain and will any man yet born could wish to possess!

IT is curious to consider, is it not, that the idea that he, himself, might try to do it, did not seem to occur to him. Not until Korner, the German Jew, drove it home, and he saw the living clearly, forever. This Korner, an anarchist, lived in a basement just off Second Avenue.

"I don't want you or your church around here," he told McDowell suspiciously in the early summer. "What's the idea of your job?"

"Simply a friend in need," McDowell told him pleasantly.

'Huh!" sniffed Korner. Religion was hypocrisy, of course. Churches were leeches. They weren't good friends with anyone! How did this boy think he could tell him a thing like that?

And he jeered, while McDowell smiled the smile of his boyhood.

It was just six weeks later that the anarchist's little girl was run over by a street-car on the Avenue, just at dusk. McDowell knew her almost instantly, as he stepped from the platform to see who had been injured. Shy, little Dora Korner, with the life crushed nearly out of her!

It was the first time that McDowell thanked God for his fund. Men with funds can call ambulances and order rooms at hospitals with marvelous quickness! Not until two hours later, could he go down the street in the darkness to tell Korner of the tragedy of his child. He found the Jew in a bare room, under the gas jet, staring at a disposess notice before him.

"I been put on the street," the Jew said.

And McDowell's heart went out to him.

"Not while I know it," he said. "I'm your friend."

It was one of the last uses that McDowell made of his fund and his job. Five weeks later, Korner stopped in at the church.

"You been a true friend, my boy," he said. And he trembled with emotion. "A real friend. I want to shake your hand."

"Only, I haven't been your friend," McDowell told him at once. "The Church has been your real friend—the people who come here and get together the money I spend. I'm simply their agent."

For a minute, Korner stared at him.

"Well," he said at last, "then I take it all back. The church is all right. I dare anyone in the Avenue to say it ain't! I'm going to get in it myself!"

It was the deciding voice for McDowell. If the church was good enough for Korner, it was good enough for him as a life work. . . .

That fall he went to the Seminary. He had always studied the Bible just as he had always specialized in science and mathematics. Now he would learn its application to society and the industrial drama of which the East Side was one scene.

In the Seminary, he took all the theology that came his way. And he took it with all the warm understanding and human sympathy with which nature had blessed him. He took it, too, with one eye always on what existence had taught him thus far. And he came out at twenty-seven, a full-fledged minister of the Gospel.

His first pastorate was in Steelton, Pennsylvania. For him, of course, it was like going back home. Once more, he could work with the sons of toil; could listen to their stories at night; could help carry the water, and talk to his own kind. And once more, too, he could feel renewed assurance that he was right. The laboring man had not changed since the days of Bill Jock and Tom Phillips, even though the years had rolled around and he, himself, was the "dominie" now and no longer the boy on the coal-breaker.

THREE years of that and then the scenes of life shifted once more and he found himself at the head of a big church in Detroit, close to the life of a city—a growing, industrial city. And he knew that he had struck his lifework. His achievement now would be measured only by his force of will!

There is no space here, however, in which to record the years John McDowell spent building up his church in Detroit nor of the obstacles he met and overcame, just as once he had overcome the obstacles of his youth. Nor of all the men who became his friends—men like John Mitchell, William Livingston and many others. There is only space for an anecdote or two. He ran one of the big clubs for men wherein all classes were included and all shades of opinion represented and which had for its only rule the obligation of each member to conduct himself in debate and in the meetings as a gentleman, on pain of expulsion. For three years, the club discussed every subject under the sun without anything untoward occurring. Then one night, the leading Single Taxer and the leading Socialist fell into a bitter argument which ended by the Single Taxer using some lamentable language of the churches

Immediately, the members were on their feet, calling for a vote on the question of the Single Taxer's claim to the title of gentleman. McDowell put the question with some reluctance.

"It is only with regret," he said, "that I ask every member to rise who considers that Tom has forfeited his title as a gentleman."

To his surprise, every man in the room rose on the vote, including the Single Taxer himself! He looked around on the assemblage with a smile.

"I do not think," he remarked, "that we can call for either a more unanimous judgment than this, or a more sincere evidence of Tom's repentance. Don't you think he should be reinstated?"

And he was.

THE vital thing, the real thing, is that all the while there was growing up a steady conviction in this Scotchman concerning social and industrial questions. A conviction strengthened year by year by the experiences that came his way—experiences not only in church work and club work but in printers' strikes, laborers' strikes and finally in the big Detroit street-car strike where he did duty as the third arbitrator.

It was his conviction, first, that the social question of to-day was the legitimate child of Christianity, not only in the impulse that gave it birth but in the spirit which had nourished it throughout the centuries. Secondly, it was his conviction that it was at bottom a matter of human relationships—a demand for equality of opportunity. Thirdly, was a conviction—and one that would not down!—that it was his duty as a man and a clergyman to face that question and attempt courageously to solve it, no matter if it involved all his relationships with the society in which he lived.

For a moment, he had a vision of what a church, which applied itself rightly to the social question, and of what a country-wide church movement would mean.

It was a vision of a Church at whose door no movement for the betterment of mankind and the purifying of society should ever knock in vain! A Church which, in the person of her members, should direct and infuse with its spirit every effort which aimed at any human welfare. A Church which would seek to give leadership to all education, recreation and legislation affecting not the vital interests of the individual, the home, the school, the church and the state. A Church which should be a mighty boiler beneath the social conscience of the nation! A Church which would preach always the doctrine of equality of opportunity in religion, in education, in politics and in industry!

DAY in and day out, then, he began preaching the duty of the church. For five years, he preached it and talked it and lived it in Detroit. When he moved to Newark, in nineteen-five, to a great church in that New Jersey city, his aim in life had become the attainment of this settled goal—the turning

(*Continued on page 73*)

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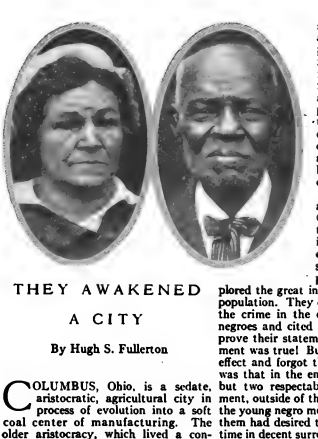
It's mighty good as it is but it ought to be a

B E T T E R

Some true tales of folks and



THEY AWAKENED A CITY

By Hugh S. Fullerton

COLUMBUS, Ohio, is a sedate, aristocratic, agricultural city in process of evolution into a soft coal center of manufacturing. The older aristocracy, which lived a contented, prosperous, undisturbed life, has rather resented the soft coal smoke which has filled the valleys and driven them back into the suburbs, and has not been pleased to see the hustling, aggressive younger generation taking the helm and leading in transforming the beautiful, sleepy old capital city into a metropolis. Youth and energy, soft coal and steel, however, are relentless and will not be denied. Those older families, who always capitalized the P when they spoke of themselves as the People, felt a great deal as you would if you owned a beautiful, peaceful home in a grove of old trees facing a beautiful park and someone came along and built a garage next door.

That was the condition in Columbus when a group of men decided that the city needed a modern Young Men's Christian Association, with two manreclaiming and boy-building plants; one for the white, the other for the colored citizens.

The older element could not quite understand the necessity. They had built one of the first and finest of the Y plants and, because they did not fully understand how rapidly the city was being changed, they did not understand why greater equipped and better equipped plants had become necessary. But the men who knew the needs of the city announced a campaign to raise more than half a million dollars in two weeks, one hundred thousand of which was to be given to erect the colored branch.

The situation among the negroes in Columbus at that time was disheartening. Some of the older inhabitants spoke of a "negro problem" and deplored the great increase in the colored population. They charged that most of the crime in the city was due to the negroes and cited records of arrests to prove their statement. And the statement was true! But they looked at the effect and forgot the cause. The truth was that in the entire city, there were but two respectable places of amusement, outside of the churches, to which the young negro men might go. If all of them had desired to spend their leisure time in decent surroundings there would not have been standing room for one-tenth of the young negroes in those two places and churches. One of the places was the negro Y, a small, old-fashioned residence, in bad repair. It was crowded day and night.

After the first rush, the campaign lagged. The workers were earnest, they canvassed, pleaded and argued, even begged. But the conservatives, who hold the bulk of the city's wealth, were only mildly interested. Some gave liberally and worked hard but others held back, seeing little need, and giving sparingly and without enthusiasm.

The whites had asked the negroes to raise $25,000 among their own people. Ten teams, a hundred and ten negro men, mostly young, went among their people telling them the need of a place where the young men of the race might meet. They were working for a chance for the negro boys. The enthusiasm among the colored men and women was intense. They passed the mark the whites had set for them. The leader of a jazz orchestra, with tears streaming down his face announced the gifts to his team each night. A Pullman porter prayed aloud for help and turned in his tips. More than a hundred came each night and prayed and shouted and cheered as the fund grew.

But among the whites the work lagged. For the success of such a campaign it is generally necessary to get some large gifts. Some of the wealthy gave freely; some even gave beyond their means and I know one who pledged almost the last of a fortune that has been given away in good works—but the Class was not awakened.

The leaders faced failure. It looked as if nothing short of a miracle could enable them to complete the task they had set for themselves and the city.

One morning two of the older men in the colored campaign, leaders of their race, received a message asking them to call at 40 South Neil Street, because Dr. and Mrs. Noah Elliott wished to make a gift to the cause.

Dr. Elliott was well known in Columbus. He was more than ninety years of age and the oldest colored physician in the state. Both he and his wife had been slaves. He had learned medicine in the plantations of the South, and he had a shrewd knowledge of the use of home remedies and the concoction of roots, herbs and barks. When he came to Ohio, after the Civil War, his knowledge had enabled him, under the lax system then in force, to secure a license to practice medicine and he had found a field among his people.

Dr. Elliott was not remunerative. He and his wife lived in a small cottage and, as they grew old, were accounted poor.

The two solicitors, responding to the call, found the old couple waiting. "We want to give something," said the old doctor. "We want to help the colored boys. Be sure to put it down as a gift from me and my wife. We both helped make it and she saved it."

His wife, while he talked, was moving around cautiously. She pinned newspapers over the windows of the room; made certain that no one was spying, and, lifting the mattress, reached under it and drew out a pile of money. "Take it," she said. "It'll do the boys good and we ain't goin' to need it much longer."

There was $500 in the bundle, old money, ragged money, in one dollar bills, five and tens, with a few twenties. It was their savings of a long lifetime of toil.

"You need not pay it all at once. You can pay in three instalments if you like," stammered one of the visitors.

"Laws, child!" said the doctor, "we may not be here to pay any instalments."

So the callers carried away that bundle

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If you love your country you'll want to help it

AMERICA

things that show a people's heart

of toil won money. That night, the workers gathered at Linden Hall to report. One team had raised $12; another $40; another $4.60. Then the gift of Dr. and Mrs. Elliott was announced.

Colored men stood up with tears rolling down their cheeks. Others shouted their approval. Cries of "Glory to God" and "God's in his Heaven" arose. One old man stood with uplifted face and prayed silently unheeding the sobs and shouts around him.

And, in the morning, a newspaper told quite simply the story of two old slaves who had given the savings of their lives to the end that the next generation of colored boys might have a home and a decent meeting-place. That day, the city awakened. Those who had been indifferent became interested. Some came voluntarily to increase their subscriptions. The teams working to raise the fund found the conscience of Columbus stirred. By evening it was certain that the campaign would succeed and, a day or two later, came the announcement that the fund had been over-subscribed and that gifts were still pouring in.

Extra

Better Times

SMALLEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

PRICE 5c

Vol. 1, No. 1 | Published Monthly by the United Neighborhood Houses of New York | Jan. 1920

Roosevelt says Neighborhood Houses Make Links out of Hyphens; War Camp Continues its Community Work on Peace Basis

Community Service Carries On

New York Community Service is the unassuming but hopeful offspring of, a concededly worthy parent, New York War Camp Community Service, which, during the period of the War rendered service to upward of three million men in uniform. As "War Camp" served uniformed men in war, so in peace its successor, Community Service, will carry on to serve even more millions wearing the uniform of every day life.

Community Service has been called upon to continue this work among uniformed men and to extend it to all the people who make up the great Community of New York City. This call has come from many organizations and individuals, each one say- (*Cont. on p. 6*)

Praises House For Americanization Work

"Much of the unrest radicalism in New York City arises," said Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt to a representative of BETTER TIMES, "from immigrants who do not speak the English language nor have the slightest conception of the fundamental principles of the institutions of this country. Americanization work in New York City is of the greatest importance. Nearly half a million people in this city cannot speak English. About 150 foreign language newspapers magazines are published in New York. Everyone who knows the conditions in the immigrant districts must realize the great need for Americanization work. There are no more than half a hundred neighbor- (*Cont. on p. 3*)

Government Praises Settlement War Work.

New York City and the United States Government should be proud of the war service rendered by the settlement houses of this city, according to Hon. Carter Glass, Ex-Secre- (*Cont. on p. 7*)

Volunteer Workers Wanted

The United Neighborhood Houses of New York has begun a campaign for volunteer workers to help carry on the activities of the forty-odd houses belonging to the organization. The (*Cont. on p. 2*)

BETTER TIMES

THE smallest newspaper in the world! *Better Times* is thus heralded. The description refers to its size, however, for there is nothing small about its purpose. It is the mouthpiece of the United Neighborhood Houses of New York.

We used to call them "settlement" houses but, although they still style themselves Henry Street Settlement, University Settlement, Union Settlement and so on, the word "settlement" is gradually passing away. Neighborhood Houses, we call them now and there is something significant in the new title. It means that we no longer think of groups of people, intelligent, educated, aflame with the fire of service, going from the outside into the crowded sections of New York and settling themselves for unselfish work among the Italians or the Russians; but of a house, a meeting place, for the surrounding blocks; a house, growing out of the neighborhood, belonging to it, built to serve its particular needs and to furnish it with health, education and recreation.

And in the *United* Neighborhood Houses we go one step further. Before March, 1919, each neighborhood house went its own way, doing its best among its own people. If it wanted to run a big health campaign, it started, regardless of whether one of the forty-five other houses was doing the same thing. Now, however, that is changed. The neighborhood houses have got together and formed a clearing house for their own work, an organization that coordinates individual efforts and puts through their big undertakings.

It is this organization that is speaking through the pages of this little 4 by 6-inch newspaper. To foster interest in the United Neighborhood Houses; to tell the big general public, which so often struts along blithely blind, of the community work—that's another word that is creeping into its rightful place in the English language—being done in our big, material and seemingly heartless city of New York; that is the purpose of the tiny sheet. Americanization, neighborhood nursing, co-operative enterprises, the activities of other neighborhood houses; these are some of the things that *Better Times* will tell us.

The idea came from Mr. George Hecht, who heads the Publicity Committee of the organization. He, it was, who hit upon the striking scheme of the "smallest newspaper." Moreover, although diminutive in size, it is a regular paper. Besides news of the neighborhood houses and community life, it publishes editorials, cartoons, photographs, jokes; and one of Mr. Hecht's plans is to feature an interview with some prominent person every month. *Better Times* hopes to become self-supporting—the War Camp Community Service financed the first number—but it is not a commercial enterprise.

There is something rather significant in the name, is there not? *Better Times!* That really is the thought behind it, the purpose of its little pages—to make better times for everybody!

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A WHOLE GANG REFORMS

By Herbert Asbury

THEY were the Seventy-first Street gang in New York City not so many months ago—a group of boys ranging in age from fifteen to twenty years, some of them with reform school and prison records. They were mean and mischievous, and at their doors the police laid all manner of fights and petty thefts, and the policeman on the beat had to watch them constantly. But this is changed now. What was once the Seventy-first Street gang is now the Starlight Pleasure Club, all members in good standing of the Lenox Hill Settlement Boys' Club.

"You would never know these boys now," said the old policeman. "They're not at all what they used to be. I don't have any trouble with 'em at all any more. They're good boys."

AND all this because Emory F. Hanaburgh, Director of the Boys' Work of the Settlement, had vision enough to let the young gangsters join the club when they asked for membership. There was plenty of advice against it, because the Seventy-first Street gang had a bad name, and the mothers of the youngsters already members didn't want their children to associate with them. But Hanaburgh believed he could handle the boys, and he put the proposition up to the leading members of the gang as man to man.

"You let us in the club," said the boys, "and we'll cut out the rough stuff. Nobody'll ever have any more trouble with us."

And they have kept their word. The regeneration of the Seventy-first Street gang is complete. The Starlight Pleasure Club is the busiest of the several organizations that go to make up the Boy's Club. There is always plenty for them to do at the clubhouse, because it is equipped with a moving picture show, games of all sorts and a workshop and, besides these activities, the boys give dances and parties and picnics and get out a newspaper, and they hold two business meetings a week that parliamentarily are amazing things. There is nothing flowery about the language they use either at their meetings or in the columns of their paper, but the principal thing after all is that these boys are now as good as any boys in the district, and they promise to develop into decent and useful citizens.

Hanaburgh located the club after he had taken the Little Bohemia Saloon and, since the beginning, the place has not been large enough to accommodate all the boys who wanted to join. He has had a great deal of trouble with the little girls of the district, too. They have never been able to understand why they couldn't be members of the club, and one day a group of them came and asked about it.

"You can't belong because you aren't boys," said Hanaburgh. "This is a boys' club."

"Could we join if we had trousers on?" they asked.

"Of course," said Hanaburgh, smiling.

But the next day there came a band of very determined little girls, some of them wearing bloomers and two or three dressed in the Sunday trousers of their young brothers.

"Can we join now?" they asked.

ALL TOGETHER—PULL!

THERE are jobs and jobs! Most of us workingmen and workinggirls have sampled a few varieties, but the job, where we aren't just a cog in a big machine, doing our little bit to keep it running, where we feel that we count, and that we, along with the rest, are building up a big organization, which somehow we feel is ours—that is the job we like. For at the bottom we humans are individualists. We don't like to be one of a mass, to take impersonal orders and work for people; we like to work with them. We like to feel that our strength and our brains are of value, and we like to have a little personal interest in the work of our hands.

Out in Nebraska, the Omaha Flour Mills Company has found a way to bring this about. They have installed the Leitch System of Industrial Democracy, which just means that they have a House of Representatives, composed of workmen and elected by them; a Senate of foremen and superintendents; and a Cabinet, the owners; and that these bodies discuss and settle all questions which rise between the men and the firm. At these meetings, the men can criticize any superintendent without fear of losing their jobs; make any suggestion or ask for any information. They are an important part, an integral part of the Company.

Before putting in this System, the Omaha Flour Mills Company had more or less labor unrest. They had one or two strikes. They had to clean out entire crews. Whenever there was a show-down, they were able to win, but they knew that all the while they were really not winning. The seeds of trouble were still there just the same, ready to crop out; and they felt that their relation with the men was not what it should be.

THIS situation was brought home especially to Mr. Chauncey Abbot, Jr., Vice-President of the Company. He came from a small town where he had been with a flour mill for eleven years. There, labor conditions were different. Most of the men were married men and had their own homes near the mill. He had known them for years, had grown up with them, and nine out of ten of the men in the mill called him by his first name, and they would not hesitate a second to hail him if he was driving along in his machine, and ask for a ride.

So one of the first things he noticed when he came into a larger city was that the managers instead of being welcome as they were in the small town were looked upon with distrust whenever they came into the plant, as if their presence was merely tolerated, and almost resented. The men would barely nod.

The Leitch System, however, has changed all that. No longer can Mr. Abbot, or one of the other managers go through the plant in thirty or forty minutes as he used to. Now every other man that he passes will stop and want to talk—he may have some idea that he wants to present; or if he hasn't, he will stop anyway, and ask whether it is warmer out.

Of course, there are still men in the plant who are not in harmony with the system. The firm could fire them, but it doesn't. It is trying to win them over, for the managers of the company have found that the great majority of their men are level-headed people, and that they only needed an opportunity to take a real active interest in the business. They really want to take an interest, and now that they have a chance, they do. Their suggestions for improvement and betterment have amazed the managers, and they have discovered leaks and losses which never would have been known under the old system. You see, they are working with the Company now. It goes fifty fifty with them on anything they can save, whether in power, or number of sacks broken or number of men employed. Furthermore they get the highest wages in any similar plant in the locality.

HERE are a few instances of how this saving scheme works out:

One day, a superintendent came to Mr. Abbot and said that two of his men had talked to him asking him to discharge a certain man, whom we will call Smith. Now the superintendent was a level-headed man and he wanted to go to the bottom of the matter.

"Why do you want to let Smith out?" he asked them.

"He isn't the kind of fellow to have around this plant," they answered, "He is a loafer and a slacker, he doesn't do as much work as the others, he's cutting into the company's profits and our dividends, and we won't stand him on the job."

The superintendent then suggested that they bring up the case before the House of Representatives for handling and decision. But the men decided that, with the superintendent's consent, they would warn the man before they put his name up before the House. The next morning the superintendent saw the two men with the other fellow backed up into the corner and they were laying down the law to him, telling him just exactly how he had to work if he wanted to stay on the job. The man stayed till noon and then asked for his time. "I won't work that hard for any one," he said.

Another time the officers of the company were very much surprised to

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receive a memorandum from the House of Representatives demanding an explanation as to why a certain assistant foreman was kept on the job. They alleged that they had no hard feelings against the man but that the man did not handle the men under him to good advantage, in fact, the man was really not necessary, and they wanted to know why $140.00 a month of the company's money was being wasted, and they stated that, under the present system of Industrial Democracy, no assistant foreman was needed for that particular work. The managers found that this was true.

At different points in the mill and in different departments, the men have instituted valuable methods of saving. They even watch little things such as shutting off lights that are burning unnecessarily. The amount of flour that is spilled on the floor in packing has been reduced to about 20 or 25% of what it used to be, and the same thing applies to the number of sacks broken.

"This is going to be the darndest workhouse in Omaha by spring," one of the men was heard to say gaily to a fellow worker.

If the men want certain little changes here or there for their personal comfort or betterment, all they have to do is to bring them up at the meetings. The House of Representatives thought that the men would like to have hot meals at three different times in the twenty-four hours. So the Company put in a restaurant for them. But not only are the men insistent that it be self-supporting, but they also fix their charges voluntarily themselves, upon such a basis that the cost of equipping the restaurant for them will be returned to the Company. The House of Representatives has also formed an insurance company, the men themselves dividing the cost with the Company.

The whole atmosphere has changed. The men working in the mill seem different. For to them the Company is no longer a big, impersonal outside thing. They are part of it and they are working with everybody else, from the managers down, for its benefit, *and* their own.

AN HOUR A DAY

Minneapolis fathers have promised to devote one evening a week and one hour every day to their sons. Some people may say "That isn't very much! I should think they'd do that anyway!" But think of the fathers who hurry off to work early in the morning without even seeing their children and likewise those who erect a wall of silence and the newspaper between them and their families. One evening a week and one hour a day. That is really a lot. So often our American fathers are so busy earning money in order to give their sons certain advantages that they forget to give them the greatest advantage of all—the companionship of themselves.

OUT OF OUR DAILY LIFE

OFTEN these days we get discouraged about our America. We read the headlines of the newspapers and we think: what is this country coming to? Our minds are full of our nation's shortcomings, and perhaps we don't stop to measure its accomplishments. Over all this wide country of ours, interesting things are being done, worth while things, things that are contributing to a Better America. Take, for instance, the children of our schools and our towns, the increased care, the increased benefits we are giving them.

IN Louisville, Kentucky, the schools have organized a Music Memory Contest, not for the pupils of the high school but for the elementary grades. The purpose of this contest is to interest the children in music and to familiarize them with good music. And the children like it. Eagerly they gather around the phonograph and listen with rapt faces. The teacher explains each record, giving a simple analysis of the composition, an account of the composer and the opera, if it is taken from an opera. The compositions have been selected with great care, so they will not be too difficult for the child to grasp. The Prologue from Pagliacci, Haydn's Surprise Symphony, the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, Mendlessohn's Spring Song are some of the pieces which the children hear. In the contest, they have to identify both the composition and the composer, and prizes are offered for the winners, in the schools for negroes as well as in those for white children.

MINNEAPOLIS has installed for its schools the first movable dental clinic in America. It is an ambulance donated by the Red Cross, and equipped with a dental chair and dental accessories. At the first intimation of a toothache on the part of a child, it can rumble to the rescue.

DALLAS, Texas, is trying to make scholarship as popular as dancing and athletics among its schools. The Bryan High School has formed a "Better Scholarship Club." Any pupil who is making an average of 60 per cent. is eligible and receives a diploma: 'This certifies that ——— is making an average of 80 in class work in Bryan High School and is entitled to membership in the Better Scholarship Club." This is given as an expression of appreciation from the faculty of Bryan High School." The Club isn't a literary or high brow organization at all. It has meetings every month and part of the purpose of those meetings is to plan "good times."

WE have all of us heard on the streets and in the trolley cars the harsh nasal voices, the "ain'ts" and the "he don'ts" and the slang of America's youth. Principals and teachers have heard them, too, and in many places, Detroit, Louisville, New Orleans, the schools have set aside a week for a "Better Speech" campaign. The boys and girls have written essays; they have made posters—they have given plays; and Detroit's Northwestern High School presented a big pageant in which "Bad English" hobbled around like an evil demon and once appeared without his head. One girl, at the close of her essay wrote: "Remember, girls, when the right man comes along and asks the most important question in life, don't grunt but say 'yes.'"

IN New Orleans, the children don't have to hurry home for lunch or worry because they haven't enough money to ease their growing appetites. In one of the schools, a scant is all the child needs. With a penny in his hand he can walk into the lunch room and get a good meal: corned beef and potato stew, or spaghetti and tomato sauce, or salmon croquettes. Of course a penny does not really pay for his lunch but the School Lunch Guild makes up the deficiency by its 5, 7, and 10 cent lunches. In three schools, the lunch rooms, where the meals are 5 cents, are self-supporting. System, good management, discounts from wholesale houses, volunteer workers, these are the reasons the Guild gives for its successful fight against the high cost of living.

THE schools of Cleveland did not neglect winter sports or forget the fun of skating, particularly skating in a race for a prize. Boys and girls of all ages and grades, in sweaters, in furs, in mackinaws, with their precious skates slung over their arms, appeared Saturday mornings at the different parks for the Municipal Skating Tournament. First there were races between the children of the different elementary schools, divided into classes according to age. Then there (*Continued on page 65.*)

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There sat those four kids, all talking for dear life about their lessons. I asked what it meant. "They're teaching one another," the mother explained

BRINGING UP THE BOOTH BOYS

By Walter B. Pitkin

Illustration by Lejaren A. Hiller

HERE is a story based upon experience and containing ideas and information for families, teachers and others who are concerned with the education of boys

THIS is a brief history of the beginnings of the Next Revolution, as set in motion by Elias N. Booth of Dill Glen. Some may call it rank sedition but we who've been watching it think otherwise. And we wonder how it strikes the rest of the United States.

Elias, his wife, and four boys moved to the Meade farm two years ago. And they hadn't been there a month before folks began saying they were queer. They plowed and planted differently. They didn't daub their barn with water paint but used real white lead and linseed. They bought a washing machine and a hay teidder and a number of other contraptions. But the queerest of all the things they did was to keep their boys out of Dill Glen School.

"It's a shame!" said Miss Hawkins, who has been teacher there for seven years. "They make those poor kids work at home. I saw them up back of the barn this very morning, slaving away. We've got to get the law onto them!"

A couple of us from the school committee dropped in on Elias the next day, to see how the ground lay. And sure enough! There we found all four boys fetching and carrying for Elias while he was building a hog pen. We asked Elias how old they were. Fourteen, twelve, ten and eight, he said—and I think he was grinning.

"I don't know what State you come from," said I. "But here we have a law requiring children of those ages to be in school. We believe in education, we do."

"So do I," said Elias. "That's why I'm keeping my four home."

"Huh?" was all I could say to that. It sounded like a downright insult to Miss Hawkins and the whole community. We had always been proud of Dill Glen School and Miss Hawkins. Miss Hawkins was better than the run of teachers we used to have; she'd been a year in high school somewhere and she was spry as could be, for a woman of fifty, and she never complained of her wages, which were forty a month and board, which is as good as most country school teachers draw anywhere.

"What's more," Elias added, "I'm dead set against sweat shops and wage slavery. No Dill Glen School for me!"

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"I'll show you." said Elias. "If

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you're quick at figures. How many pupils has Miss Hawkins got?"

"Thirty-eight." said I.

"How many grades does she teach?"

"Four this year. Sometimes six."

"How many subjects?"

"Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, singing, history—oh, I guess about eight or nine."

"And she gives around six hours a day, five days a week to this, doesn't she?"

"Yes," I had to admit.

"Well now," Elias glittered, "tell me how many minutes a day Miss Hawkins can give to each pupil on each subject."

"Give me a pencil," I asked.

"Oh bosh! Any one of my boys can do that problem in his head," Elias chuckled. "Here you, Jim! Answer that, will you?" He summoned his ten-year-old.

"She has 360 minutes a day total," said Jim. "With 38 pupils, she has 9 and 18-38th minutes per day to give to each. If she teaches all 9 subjects every day, she can give to each pupil 1 and 9-38ths minutes for each subject—"

"OH, come now!" I broke in. "That's all rubbish, man! Miss Hawkins doesn't teach each pupil singly. That'd be crazy! She teaches them in classes, of course. Teaching isn't like pumping water for cows to drink. When you pump, what one cow takes another doesn't get. But when Miss Hawkins passes out a fact to ten pupils at once, they all get it. See? So your figuring is preposterous."

"I know," Elias shook a mournful head. "That's what people have been saying for a million years. But it isn't true, and saying it ten million years more won't make it any truer. I went to a one-room country school and I know what I'm talking about. When Teacher was talking to the class and listening to one fellow recite, what were the rest of us doing? Taking in the precious truth? No siree! We were chewing gum or throwing spitballs or sticking pins into the pretty girl in the seat ahead or writing love letters or cutting our initials in the benches. As I look back with unsentimental eyes on my school days, I see that I got just about two or three minutes a day of actual instruction and personal attention. I don't blame the teacher. Not at all! The poor thing couldn't do better. She was up against a System. She was up against the notion that a school is a sort of factory and intellectual Bottling Works, where you fill a lot of empties with a precious stuff called Truth, clap an air-tight top onto the head, and send the receptacle out to a cooling room called the World, where the contents proceed to work like root beer."

"But what can we do?" I protested, for I had to admit the point of the criticism. "This township can't hire a Miss Hawkins for each of their thirty-eight pupils. We'd go bankrupt if we did. We've got to bunch the work."

"There's another million-year-old notion that's as wrong as wrong can be." Elias picked up his hammer. "Say, I'm busy now. But if you'll get here at seven-thirty to-morrow morning, I'll show you how you can solve that problem—without anybody going bankrupt either."

YOU can bet that we were on hand at seven-thirty. Elias was down in the village selling some hens but his wife was on hand to receive us. She was a plain little body, Mrs. Booth was. Not much different from a million other wives, except that she took her four boys and their upbringing seriously.

"Why shouldn't I take them seriously?" and she laughed, as I watched one of the boys set the breakfast table, while another sliced bacon. "They're the most expensive live stock on the farm. I give one hour a day to looking after the hogs and another hour to the chickens. So it seems fair to give twice that much to the boys. And that's just what I do. Four hours a day, no more, no less!"

"Hm," was all I could say. "It sort of takes it out of you though, doesn't it? I see you have a late breakfast. Most folks around here finish breakfast by seven, and lots before six."

"Oh, Elias and I had breakfast at six," said she. "We let the boys sleep. They need it. They get their own meals."

Sure enough! In a few minutes all four youngsters marched in with bowls of oatmeal, regular army fashion, and got out their plates and knives and forks and fell to. Mrs. Booth took me upstairs while they ate and showed me their everything spick and span! Again regular army style! Windows wide open. Bedding all thrown back, floors swept, clothes in order. And their mother marked down a score on a paper attached to the door.

"They're graded for neatness, of course," said she. "After breakfast, they make their beds and ours too. That's something Miss Hawkins can't mark them for! And it's more important than the names of the Presidents of the United States, too!"

WE went back to the dining room. Mrs. Booth brought some books and slates out and looked over some papers while the boys were making beds upstairs. When the four came down, the mother fetched in a pan of quinces; said she had to can them and told the boys to get busy while she was peeling the fruit. Then she fell to talking to me, about the news of the day, while I went dizzy; for there sat those four kids, all talking to one another for dear life about their lessons. I didn't see what they were doing, so I asked.

"They're teaching one another," the mother explained.

Sure enough! Fourteen-year-old Henry was expounding the mysteries of the multiplication table to eight-year-old Fred. Twelve-year-old Dick was commenting on the scrawl of six-year-old Bobby which was meant to be *"This is a cat."*

"They teach one another better than I can teach them," said the mother. "The older ones like to show off their superior knowledge to the younger. And they also sense the difficulties of the tasks better than I can. Of course, they do make mistakes sometimes which only a grown-up can check. And they do get playful now and then. That's why I brought the quinces in here. I'm just a policeman and occasional adviser. It's lots easier now than it was when I had to get the two older boys started."

"I've heard Miss Hawkins say that nobody really learns anything until he tries to teach it," I remarked. "I suppose you're capitalizing that idea too?"

"Exactly!" Mrs. Booth nodded. "I found that out for myself. It's gospel truth! I'm improving my own education every day, just by teaching these tots. And it works the same with them, too. When I started Henry at teaching multiplication to Fred, Henry wobbled on his seven-times-seven table. Well, when Fred reached nine-times-nine, Henry had a shrewd sign of what's then, one day, he sneaked off to the barn with the arithmetic and when he came back around supper time, he was grinning. Next morning, I heard him reeling off the whole table up to thirteen-times-thirteen."

AROUND ten o'clock, the R. F. D. carrier brought the mail. Henry opened the morning paper and read aloud some two columns of first page news, while mother and the boys listened. When he stumbled over a new word, his mother corrected him and, as he finished each article, she explained very briefly the gist of the news. Dick the twelve-year-old next took the sheet and waded through half a column or so, with a good many hitches. Next Mrs. Booth marked off a few inches of reading matter for each boy to study spelling from. And she gave them half an hour to work at it, while she went out into the kitchen.

One by one, the boys came out to the kitchen and, while the mother worked away over the stove, spelled off the words he had been given. After this, all of us went up to the hen-house to gather the morning eggs and put fresh water in the cups and throw in some sulphur and ashes. The boys did all this work as if they liked it. And the mother proudly showed off their wisdom by asking them all sorts of questions about hens. The answers those boys gave were amazingly correct.

At noon Elias came home from town. They urged us to stay to dinner; and we did. You couldn't have pried us away from the place. Elias, while serving the victuals, quizzed the boys on their morning's studies. Then they began talking about the news of the day. Each of the three oldest boys read off a paragraph or so in the morning paper and Elias discussed it. Fred struck an item about a mayor—out in Kansas, I think it was—being caught selling moonshine and going to jail for it. Elias asked *(Continued on Page 70)*

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HOW TO KEEP IT, IF YOU HAVE IT

HOW TO GET IT, IF YOU HAVEN'T IT

H E A L T H

A Department Conducted by

Merritte W. Ireland, *Surgeon-General U. S. Army*
Wm. C. Braisted, *Surgeon-General U. S. Navy*
Rupert Blue, *Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health*

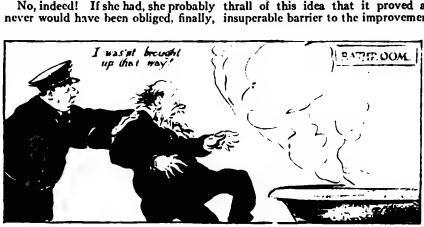
POPULAR DELUSIONS

I WAS BROUGHT UP THAT WAY

A MIDDLE-AGED woman arrived at a large sanitarium in a very serious condition. She was weak and anaemic and all the functions of her vital organs were impaired. After putting her on a scientific diet and prescribing special baths and exercises, the sanitarium doctors, who had had a great deal of experience with cases of this type, prescribed outdoor sleeping for her. The roof of the sanitarium had been fitted up with comfortable sleeping cots, a nurse was in charge and, during the long beautiful nights of summer, some of the patients most in need of this extraordinarily hygienic measure were allowed the privilege of sleeping there. But the patient was aghast. She said, "Why I never did such a thing in my life!"

No, indeed! If she had, she probably never would have been obliged, finally, to visit that sanitarium for the weak and anæmic condition in which she found herself.

Bringing a person up by a certain method does not establish that method as the best for his particular health. Although all changes from established habits should be made gradually, the fear of departing at all from old customs, even when there is every evidence that they are harmful, often constitutes a great obstacle to improvement. A woman, who was afflicted with one cold after another, all winter long, was told by one of her healthy neighbors that the colds were due to sleeping in a warm room with none of the windows open. But the woman immediately replied that she had to sleep in such an atmosphere because she "was brought up that way." She was so caught in the thrall of this idea that it proved an insuperable barrier to the improvement of her health.



MAN is the victim of catch phrases. Some colloquial phrase takes hold of his imagination and, no matter how false the application, he is held enthralled. These little stories are examples of how certain hoary old catch phrases are erroneously used to describe certain conditions

Perhaps it is from an innate love for our parents and especially a loyalty toward our mothers and the natural feeling that everything they do for us is for our best good, that we so often fall into the error of regarding the ways of our youth as necessarily the best for our health. But, as a matter of fact, our health is often ruined by our "bringing up," long before we are old enough to control the matter for ourselves. Many cases of tuberculosis are the result of being "brought up that way"—that is, in impure air. Bright's disease and heart trouble frequently arise from wrong conditions of eating and neglect of the teeth and tonsils during the period of "bringing up." However well-intentioned the method, if contrary to Nature's strict laws of health, it will not save us from that infamous and much-traveled road which leads to ill health. Former generations had limited opportunities for knowledge of hygiene, nor were they so often endangered by the possibilities of excesses as are the very ones for whom they lived temperately and in self-denial. The world moves onward and men ascend in knowledge. Even though we were "brought up that way," what has been is not necessarily better than what may be.

"TORPID LIVER"

WHEN somebody ascribed torpid bowel action to torpid liver, he caught the imagination but he did not hit upon a truth. Constipation has little known relation to the liver.

The liver has various functions, according to what we know of it at the present time. One of them is to act as a nourishment supply storehouse. An important portion of our nourishment is so-called carbo-hydrate material; that is, sugar, and starches that turn into sugar. This material is digested, converted and absorbed into the blood, and thence carried as fuel to supply the tissues with heat and energy. The sugar content of the blood must, however, always remain at a certain percentage, according to a physiological law. If an excess of carbohydrate material is absorbed, it is therefore gotten rid of immediately, and one method of disposing of it is to store it in the liver, where it may be drawn upon in time of need.

Another function of the liver is to protect the body from poisons. Powerful poisons are formed when food is digested, and absorbed along with the nourishment into the intestinal blood. But this blood is not allowed to join the general blood stream, which passes through the heart, until it has first been filtered and un-poisoned by the action of the liver.

Still another function is to secrete bile. In the early days of physiological science, this used to be considered the liver's only function, but it is now known to be merely one of the several important purposes of the liver. Bile is a fluid which aids in the emulsification and digestion of oils and fats, and also helps in the neutralization of poisons, at the same time checking fermentative and putrefactive changes.

When one considers the prevalence of sluggish bowel action, indigestion and constipation, diseases of the liver are seen to be comparatively rare. One disorder that involves the liver and its bile tract is gallstone disease. The stones are rarely formed in the liver itself, however. They are usually developed after inflammation of the gallbladder. The only other common disease connected with the liver is the condition known as *cirrhosis*, or hardening. The continued use of alcohol is one of its causes, but there are evidently other causes of which little is known. Hardening is often preceded by an enlargement or fatty liver.

If the liver ever becomes torpid; if, in other words, it does not properly hoard excess nourishment; or un-poison the blood; or secrete bile; constipation is no particular evidence of it. The usual cure for torpid bowels, wrongly described as torpid liver, is to increase the amount of coarser foods eaten, such as green salads, coarse vegetables, whole wheat bread, oatmeal and so forth; the drinking of plenty of water; mild outdoor exercise; and nervous control.

Do not let yourself be caught by the bait of a "liver pill." Someone is intriguing your imagination to make money out of you.

"FAT AND HEALTHY"

HE was one of the leading characters of the town, a man rotund of stomach and ruddy of countenance. He was described by his admiring fellow townsmen as "fat and healthy," the extra fat being somehow a symbol of his extra health.

It was at the time of an important local political campaign and our fat friend, physically conspicuous, featured large as a candidate for a position that had to do with an improvement scheme. In the campaign a "skinny little fellow," as his enemies described him, had the temerity to run against the fat and healthy individual but received very few votes (one of which, however, was cast by the village doctor!) the people of the town not being much impressed by him. The fat man was easily the victor. He seemed to symbolize in his own physique the superior prosperity into which he promised to lead his fellow citizens.

In carrying out his work, which often called for long and arduous labor, the successful candidate ate more as he worked more. As a result, he grew still fatter and, if that was anything to go by, healthier. And then, one day, right at the height of things, this man of the large waistband and the florid countenance—supposedly as rich in health as he was in fat—was taken with a fainting spell. Healthy? On the contrary, he suddenly revealed himself as a bankrupt in health. He never ate again. In a few hours he died. And it did not take the village doctor long to diagnose the trouble as death due to fat. It was the "skinny little fellow" whom they had to call upon to carry out the job, which needed a sure and steady hand for long years!

As one of our highest medical authorities states; "Fat is no sign of health." According to the best available statistical information, it is a fairly true indication of health impairment. Our life insurance companies—whose business it is to find out what sort of people live the longest—have found that the lean ones, after age 35 as a class, enjoy the better health. Of course, by "leanness" is not meant emaciation. This when excessive, is also an indication of ill health.

There are various causes of fat, the principal of which is the simple habit of eating too much food—or too freely of the substances from which our body fat is derived—while leading a sedentary life. This does not necessarily mean too much food in bulk, as the limitations of the stomach generally safeguard against that, but rather too much in nourishment value, that is, foods too rich, too concentrated. A tablespoonful of olive oil has as many units of nourishment as has a pound of tomatoes. Our ex-President, Mr. William H. Taft, reduced his weight by decreasing not the bulk of his meals, but rather their nourishment value. He adopted a system of eating more freely of vegetables, fruits and green salads, and less freely of fats—on meats or in the form of butter or oil—and less freely, also, of sweet things. Thus he lost a great many pounds without any particular hardship or self-denial.

Another cause of too much fat is an exhausted or abnormal condition of some of the glands. They play some mysterious role in fat metabolism. Anyone who is truly a small eater and yet given to decided overweight should, therefore, consult a reputable physician. A recent theory regarding some cases of overweight is that they are due to sluggishness on the part of the kidneys.

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Some very prominent stage folk, to whom fat and its attendant loss of good looks was a tragedy, have been restored to normal figures and apparently to much improved health by physicians working on this theory. In all cases, as in the case of our friend of the small town, the term "fat and healthy" is a paradox. The words Fat and Unhealthy are truer synonyms.

Patent medicines advertised for reducing fat are highly dangerous. Not only may they not do what they claim; they may prove positively harmful!

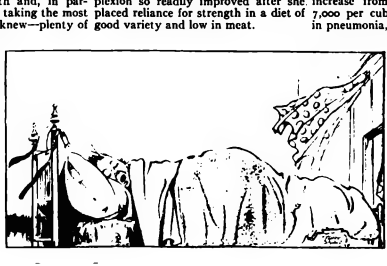
"STRENGTH FROM MEAT"

A YOUNG lady, in one of our eastern cities, was thin and sickly, lifeless, lacking in strength. The inferior quality of her physique was exaggerated by the presence on her face of very disagreeable looking blotches. They were obviously not due to any particular infection, but they were so repulsive that she did not go on the street without a heavy veil. Apparently the blotches were somehow associated with the mal-nutrition and consequent frailty of which she was a victim. Her physical weakness in itself might not have distressed her had it not been associated with the other condition, which was of course a constant humiliation. She made every effort, therefore, to gain vigor and good health. She put her main reliance on a strengthening diet, partaking almost exclusively of good meats and particularly of the famous strength-giving steak. But her thinness persisted through long discouraging months and years and her face did not improve, until, just by chance, a neighbor who happened to be one of the country's greatest hygienists, noticed her condition.

He made inquiries regarding her habits of eating. She told him of her efforts to gain strength and, in particular, of how she was taking the most strengthening diet she knew—plenty of meat! He gave her a little advice. He suggested that she cut out some of the steaks, and indeed most of them, advising her to eat meat not more than a couple of times a week, and to try olive oil for gaining weight with plenty of vegetables, salads, cheese, a couple of eggs a day, fruit, and milk. In two weeks, a miracle began to take place. A condition that had lasted for years began to clear away and a new bracing of the whole system occurred.

One of the tools about which we have the most delusions is meat. While in meat there are large quantities of muscle-building substances, the body can use only a certain amount of them—a very definite minimum—and all the meat taken in excess of that quantity perhaps only one small portion each day, has to be used for some other purpose as, for instance, body fuel, for which it is an inferior substance. Our cereals and other foods make much more satisfactory fuels, for body economy. Even though the muscles are used very strenuously, curiously they do not require more than this minimum of the meat element in our diet. They need a certain amount of the muscle-building nourishment, and that is all there is to it, exercise or no exercise. This is not true, however, of the other elements in our diet which furnish body fuel—cereals, fats, vegetables, and so forth—for of these the more we exercise, the more we need.

In meat, furthermore—a food in converted form which has already been once used by some other animal—certain organic salts necessary to the body welfare are missing. So that, should one attempt to live on meat alone, very grave digestive disturbances would be likely to follow. It was apparently the lack of such salts, which are found in milk and fruit, vegetables and greens, from which the weak young lady of the eastern city was suffering, and from supplies of which her complexion so readily improved after she placed reliance for strength in a diet of good variety and low in meat.



PURIFYING THE BLOOD

LIKE the vision of muddy, dirty water rendered sparkling and clean by simple processes, we picture the "purification of the blood" as some simple way of making dull dark muddy blood, contaminated by body poisons, clear and red again. Pleasant and soothing as the picture may be, it does not portray known possibilities.

Blood is said by scientists to have hundreds of functions and to be "one of the most complicated substances known." Chemically, the blood has a slight alkaline reaction. Only in death does it become acid, or in advanced stages of certain diseases that are fatal. Physically, it consists of a colorless fluid in which float millions of red and white corpuscles, the red predominating and giving it their color.

One of the main functions of the red corpuscles is to carry oxygen from the air, as it comes into the lungs, to the tissues throughout the body. A function of the white corpuscles is to protect the body from harmful bacteria. The white corpuscles can migrate, by some mysterious method, right through the wall of the blood vessel, and overcome the germ enemies either by "eating" them, or by forming a poison in which they cannot live.

In different diseases, various conditions in the blood become deranged. In simple anæmia, for instance, there may not be enough red corpuscles, or they may be sufficient in quantity but lacking in their content of hæmoglobin, that substance that absorbs the oxygen. In pernicious anæmia, the red corpuscles may be greatly diminished, the blood being abnormally fluid, altered or immaturely formed. In leucæmia, on the other hand, a drop of blood is abnormally sticky, spreads with difficulty and the number of white corpuscles is greatly increased. In rheumatic fever, certain of the white corpuscles may increase from a normal of 5,000 or 7,000 per cubic millimeter, to 12,000; in pneumonia, at the time of the crisis, they may increase even to 100,000. In the condition commonly known as blood poisoning, there is an invasion of the blood by harmful microbes. In gout, the blood contains an excess of uric acid and its derivatives. In diabetes, often an excess of sugar and fat is found. Sometimes tuberculosis of remote organs of the body is traced to an infection of the lungs and the

(Continued on page 66.)

BILLY BRAD AND EVERYONE ELSE

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Illustrated by J. R. Shaver

DO YOU think you can live without the rest of the world? Billy Brad thought so. He is only six but his story has a message for you. Like Billy Brad you can learn not to overlook what your fellow man is doing for you daily

ONE day, when Billy Brad was six years old, he felt quite happy, because he had a big, round birthday dollar in the Savings Bank, and his school garden was growing nicely and his mother had said she would buy his vegetables as fast as they were ripe. She had already bought some. She had bought ten cents' worth of radishes, and five cents' worth of radishes and eight cents' worth of radishes and six cents' worth of radishes, so Billy Brad had twenty-nine cents. As soon as he got seventy-one cents, he would have another dollar to put in the Savings Bank. That would be fine, too, because every dollar added to what he had would make it one dollar more, and when he had enough dollars he could buy a pony, or anything he wanted.

Billy Brad was sitting on the lowest of the porch steps as he counted his money and thought how nice it would be to have enough dollars to buy a pony, or anything he might want, and he was quite happy because it was such a delightful thought to think.

As he sat thinking this delightful thought, another thought came into his head and it was so splendid and wonderful and impossible that it was like a fairy story. It was such a gorgeous and pleasing and overwhelming thought that it made Billy Brad's eyes grow big and made him say "Oo!" before he knew he was saying anything at all.

At the very moment when Billy Brad said "Oo!" his Uncle Peter Henry, who was quite bald and wore big spectacles with real tortoise-shell rims, and who looked as wise as an owl, came around the end of the porch.

"Well, Billy Brad," said Uncle Peter Henry, "what are you oo-ing about? You look like a little boy who has just seen a great, big enormous dish of ice cream, in a great, big saucer, with great, big, ripe strawberries all piled up around the edge of the saucer. What makes you so oo-ish this nice day?"

"Why——why——" said Billy Brad, "for because wouldn't it be nice if there wasn't anybody else in the whole world but me? Oo! *Then*, I could have lots of dollars! I——I could have *all* the dollars. And *all* the cents. And *all* the dimes. And *all* the money. I could, couldn't I, Uncle Peter Henry?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"Oo!" exclaimed Billy Brad lusciously. "And——and I could have all the candy! And all the oranges! And all the ponies! And all the automobiles! And everything! For because there wouldn't be anybody else to have any."

"No, sir! not a soul!" agreed Uncle Peter Henry. "You would be the only one. It would all be yours. All the money. Billions of dollars."

"Oo!" cried Billy Brad rapturously. "and——and I'd take my money, I would, and I'd go down town, I would, and I'd buy——"

"Yes? What would you buy?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Lots of ice cream," said Billy Brad. "Oo! Big lots!"

"Just so!" agreed Uncle Peter Henry. "From whom?"

"Why, from——" Billy Brad began, and then he stopped.

Uncle Peter Henry smiled.

"There wouldn't be any ice cream man, would there, if you were the only person on earth?" he said. "And your money wouldn't be worth having, because there would be no one to sell you things. And you would not need to buy anything, because everything would be yours anyway. You could just go down town to-day and take all the ice cream you wanted, and you could go down town to-morrow and take all you wanted, and you could go down town the next day and take all you wanted."

"But——but it would all be melted, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"That's so!" said Uncle Peter Henry, as if he had never thought of that before. "Ice cream does melt, doesn't it? Everything melts or decays or rusts out, or gets to be useless in one way or another. There wouldn't be any ice cream in three or four days."

For a moment Billy Brad looked solemn; then he brightened.

"We——we could let the ice cream man be alive, Uncle Peter Henry," he said eagerly.

"Why, so we could!" exclaimed Uncle Peter Henry.

"To buy ice cream from," said Billy Brad.

"Of course! We can't have the ice cream man off the earth when we need him," said Uncle Peter Henry. "That would never do. So that's all right. It would be a lovely world—perfectly lovely—with just you and the ice cream man in it. You could eat ice cream all day and all night. You could have breakfasts of ice cream, and dinners of ice cream, and suppers of ice cream."

"And bread," said Billy Brad. "And butter! And chopped meat balls."

"Where would you get *them?* asked Uncle Peter Henry.

"Why——," said Billy Brad. "Why——"

"There would not be any bakers, or butter makers, or butchers," said Uncle Peter Henry. "Unless," he added thoughtfully, "we left a few of them on earth."

"Wouldn't it be nice if there wasn't anybody else in the whole world but me," said Billy Brad. "Oo! then I could have lots of dollars"

"Yes, let's!" said Billy Brad eagerly. "Let's, Uncle Peter Henry! Shall we?"

"We *might*," Uncle Peter Henry said, but very doubtfully indeed. "We might try it but I'm rather doubtful. I'm not sure the butcher would sell you any chopped meat."

"Why wouldn't he, Uncle Peter Henry?" Billy Brad asked anxiously.

"Well, you see, Billy Brad," Uncle Peter Henry explained, "he would hardly have time to chop and cook enough meat balls for himself. He would have to spend most of his time feeding his cattle, and cutting hay for them, and milking the cows, and taking care of the calves, and cutting and storing ice to keep the meat from spoiling."

"Yes," said Billy Brad.

"And cooking his meals, and growing the wheat for his bread, and grinding the flour, and tanning the leather for his shoes, and digging in the hills for iron ore, and making nails for his shoes, and knives to cut the meat, and growing wool and cotton for his clothes, and spinning the yarn, and weaving the cloth, and making his clothes——"

"Oo!" said Billy Brad, but in quite another tone.

"So, really," said Uncle Peter Henry, "it will hardly be worth your while to leave the butcher on earth unless you leave quite a few other people to do things for him so he will have time to chop more meat than he needs for himself."

"Yes, let's!" said Billy Brad eagerly. "Let's do. Let's leave them."

"I'm willing," said Uncle Peter Henry. "I do think, myself, that it may be just as well, because the ice cream man will be very much like the butcher. He will need shoes and clothes and food and a house——"

"And a delivery automobile," said Billy Brad.

"Of course! And tires and gasoline and——"

"And saucers when we go down town to eat our ice cream at the ice cream man's," said Billy Brad.

"Certainly, saucers," said Uncle Peter Henry. "But that means having potters and wood-cutters and coal miners——"

"And everybody!" exclaimed Billy Brad.

"I may say," said Uncle Peter Henry gravely, but with an eye-twinkle Billy Brad could not see, "I may say that, to keep on living comfortably as you are now living, Billy Brad, your world will need practically everybody that is now in it. I see you have some money there; how much is it?"

"Twenty-nine cents; it's mine, for because——"

"Ah! you say it is yours," said Uncle Peter Henry, "but where did you get it?"

"My mamma gave it to me, for radishes," said Billy Brad.

"Well, we must have your mother in this fine world of yours, Billy Brad, if she buys radishes from you," said Uncle Peter Henry; "but where did you get the radishes?"

"I growed them," said Billy Brad ungrammatically.

"Grew them," Uncle Peter Henry corrected. "I see we need a school teacher or two in our world, too. And where did your mother get the money?"

"From my papa."

"And where did he get it?"

"Why, my papa works," said Billy Brad.

"For himself?" asked Uncle Peter Henry. "Does he work for himself and pay himself the money he gives your mother to buy radishes with?"

Even Billy Brad could see this was nonsense.

"He works for Mr. Bo'mum," said Billy Brad.

"That's it!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "Now we've got it, Billy Brad! Your father does something Mr. Bowman needs to have done and gets paid for doing it. So we say he is working for Mr. Bowman, but he is really working for himself and for you and for your mother and for everyone who buys or uses the things Mr. Bowman makes or sells or handles in any way. And when you grow your radishes we say you are working for yourself, but you are really working for yourself and for your father and for your mother and for everyone who will eat your radishes. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"I really believe you do," said Uncle Peter Henry, who was very proud of Billy Brad. "And do you see that your ice cream man could not make ice cream for you unless other people made his shoes and hats and clothes and did innumerable things for him?"

Original from

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad.

"Fine!" said Uncle Peter Henry, "and that's the way the world is, Billy Brad. No one can live in the world alone. No one can shut himself up and act as if he was in the world alone. Every turn and move we make and everything we do, is tied up with the lives of everyone else. What are you doing now?"

Billy Brad looked up at Uncle Peter Henry questioningly. He did not know he was doing anything. He thought he was doing nothing at all.

"With your heel?" said Uncle Peter Henry.

"I'm kicking the old walk, I am," said Billy Brad.

It was a cement walk and a small piece had broken out close by the step on which Billy Brad sat, and he had been hitting the edge of the hole with the heel of his shoe.

"You are just a small boy sitting on a step, doing as nearly nothing as a small boy can," said wise old Uncle Peter Henry, who wore tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles and was bald and looked as wise as an owl. "And one might say, thoughtlessly, that at this moment you, at least, were not tied up with the people of the whole world, but you are. When you kick the edge of that hole in the cement you are wearing out your shoe, and men in Minnesota are growing wheat to make the bread to feed the Iowa farmers who are growing the corn to feed the Texas cattle that will furnish the hides to make the leather from which the shoemakers will make the shoes that a railroad will bring to the dealer who will sell the shoes to your mother for you."

"Oo!" exclaimed Billy Brad.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter Henry, "and a cent of the money your mother pays for the shoes will go to a coolie in Japan who weaves the straw matting for the bedroom floor of the engineer of the train that brings your shoes to market. And a cent will go to California to pay for the beans the Texas cowboy eats at noon while he watches the cattle that will furnish the hides for your shoes. Each cent will go on from one man who is doing a useful, needed thing to another man who is doing a useful, needed thing, until all the same cents, or other cents just like them, come back to Mr. Bowman for the useful, needed thing he is doing, and Mr. Bowman gives them again to your father for the useful, needed thing he is doing for Mr. Bowman, and they buy you still another pair of shoes. No one can act alone; every turn and move in the life of every human being is bound up with the lives of everyone else."

"Yes, Uncle Peter Henry," said Billy Brad meekly.

"Are you sure you understand?" asked Uncle Peter Henry.

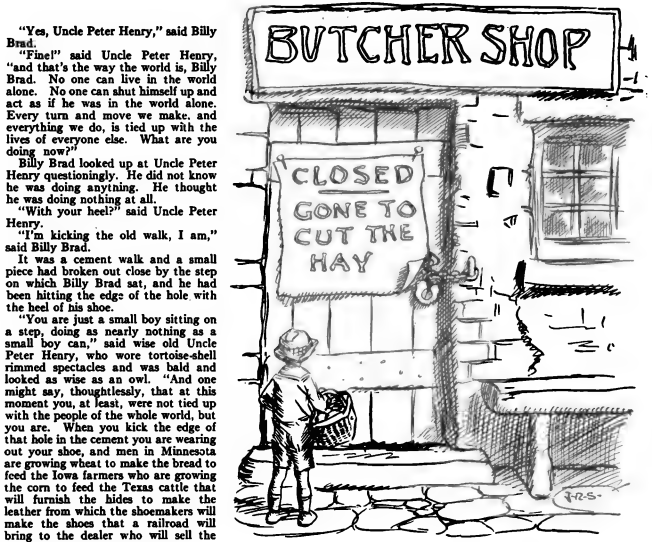
"Yes, sir," said Billy Brad.

"Well, what is it you understand?" Uncle Peter Henry asked.

"Why——why——" said Billy Brad, "I don't *not* want to have not anybody else in the world but me, for because if you tooked me down town to buy me some ice cream there wouldn't *be* any ice cream man."

"That's just about, pretty nearly, very closely, almost precisely the idea!" said Uncle Peter Henry. "That hits it exactly, Billy Brad."

"Yes," said Billy Brad, and then he looked up at Uncle Peter Henry shyly. "But there is an ice cream man down town to-day, Uncle Peter Henry!" he said.



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THE MARCH of the RED CROSS

Some of the accomplishments in Red Cross work during the month; the story of the influenza epidemic and the realignment of the Red Cross in America

AS INSPIRING and as courageous as anything that came out of the war, is the story that is rolling in to-day from all parts of the country relating the part the Red Cross workers took in the influenza epidemic which recently swept across America. From towns and villages and cities in all sections of the United States the evidence is the same, differing only in details, until to mention any one particular place would seem invidious and unfair were it not that all have shared equally in carrying the burden.

Easily among the finest pieces of work done was that in Portland, Maine—although it might equally have been Portland, Oregon! In the Maine city, when the epidemic began to assume unusual proportions, the city authorities made every effort to hold it in check. But only a few days were required to show that the means at their disposal were hopelessly inadequate. Not only were their trained nurses swamped but the city hospital, including the isolation wards, already filled with other cases, could not begin to give aid in a problem which meant home nursing and relief work, and a large amount of both, at once!

The Red Cross in the city rose to the emergency immediately and threw itself into the breach. For three weeks, the telephone rang night and day. The surrounding country was ransacked for nurses, doctors and supplies. The visiting staff soon numbered twenty-three nurses who, in the space of eight days, cared for one hundred and seventeen families with an average of three patients to a home. Every part of the organization became a seething center of activity, irresistibly reminiscent of wartime.

Volunteers reported to the sewing rooms to make up sheets, towels, night clothes and other essential things of which there was sudden need. The canteen committee sprang into existence over night with supplies of broths, orange juice and other necessary accompaniments of illness. At first, these were prepared in the headquarters kitchen but as the epidemic grew steadily worse the increasing demands overtaxed the equipment and all kinds of efforts were brought into play.

Although the city had been in the grip of successive snow storms for a month and transportation was in a terrible condition, the Red Cross supplies went out without ceasing to all parts of the community. Over one hundred and seventy-five of such trips were made. Nor did all this go to the destitute families. Not by any means! Many well-to-do homes found it impossible to secure help or supplies and were as helpless as their neighbors before the onrush of the disease.

The city was divided into districts, each in charge of a visiting nurse. Cases were reported directly to the Red Cross and high or low, rich or poor, were cared for as quickly as means would permit. One destitute family of four, all ill, was reported at seven o'clock one night as being without even the bare necessaries of life. By nine o'clock their wants had all been supplied. Through it all, the Red Cross worked shoulder to shoulder with the other organizations of the city and gave a fine example of broad-minded, generous co-operation, until the epidemic was well in hand.

Such was the story in Portland!

Other places duplicated and reduplicated it endlessly. Pennsylvania cities, Ohio cities, Virginia cities—the roster is endless. In some places, the motor corps returned to action. In others, corps of volunteer visitors were formed and went systematically through the streets calling at the homes of the victims, feeding them, cleaning their houses, teaching them, putting aside their own repugnance to conditions never before imagined—veritable Red Cross angels armed with scrubbing brushes and lysol!

The story is indeed inspiring! It has

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resulted in a demand for health education and more active work on the part of the Red Cross in chapter after chapter. It is not too much to say at the present moment, indeed, that it holds in it both a promise to those who worked so faithfully, and a rebuke to all those who considered their Red Cross work at an end, and their organization one to be kept merely in skeleton form for use only in case of some great foreign war.

EQUALLY inspiring and tinged with a 'Prisoner of Zenda' atmosphere of romance are the reports of the work done this last month by the Baltic Commission of the Red Cross in Europe. In the dangerous work in that part of the world only men are now employed. Shellfire and pestilence are equally part of the daily routine as assistance is given the Finns in their work of caring for the Russian refugees who are crowding over the border, or as clothing and medical supplies are distributed to the Letts and Esthonians. The Red Cross workers have found themselves in many cases obliged to cross five or six different frontiers and take all the chances of actual warfare as the battlelines shifted. At the present moment an armistice of a sort has been arranged between the combatants. But disease knows no armistice and for the past few weeks health conditions in that part of the world have been growing steadily worse, despite all efforts to better them. At this writing, an additional reinforcement of forty doctors is being sent to Riga from this country, and every effort is being made to co-operate with our allies in keeping the section isolated.

It is gradually becoming plain, however, that the situation in Poland and the States bordering on Russia is too desperate for the Red Cross, with its limited funds, to handle. Late last summer, an admirably rounded out constructive program for public health education in those states, particularly Poland, was laid out by the Red Cross. It was hoped that this winter would see its accomplishment. To-day, little of that program is in actual operation. Important work has been done in water purification; in the preparation of serums for hospitals; and in the training of native nurses. But, in all other respects, the Red Cross to-day is still engaged, as it was months ago, in the elementary task of clothing the naked, feeding the starving and healing, if possible, the stricken; so that later on there may be any Poland left at all. Despite the fact that at this moment more than one-half of all the foreign relief work of the Red Cross is concentrated in Poland, assistance has not quite been able to ward off the attacks of starvation and disease.

That the Red Cross workers have not shirked their share in this grim battle the number who have fallen victims to typhus mutely testify. It has been a matter of funds. At the moment, every dollar and every worker the Red Cross can spare from its other tasks is being sent to the aid of the Polish government to help it in its endeavour to keep disease proof (*Continued on page 78*)

The Red Cross is still engaged in the task of clothing the naked, feeding the starving and healing the stricken

Original from

The Prodigal Village

(*Continued from Page 11*)

trouble enough at best. God gave us bodies to get what enjoyment we could out of them. It's about the only thing we're sure of, anyhow."

It was a principle of Mrs. Bing to agree with J. Patterson. And why not? He was a great man. She knew it as well as he did and that was knowing it very well indeed. His judgment about many things had been right—triumphantly and overwhelmingly right. Besides, it was the only comfortable thing to do. She was the type of woman who reads those weird articles written by grass widows on "How to keep the Love of a Husband."

So it happened that the Bings began to construct a little god to suit their own tastes and habits—one about as tractable as a toy dog. They withdrew from the Congregational Church and had house parties for sundry visitors from New York and Hazelmead every week end.

Phyllis returned from school in May with a spirit quite in harmony with that of her parents. She had spent the holidays at the home of a friend in New York and had learned to love the new dances and to smoke, although that was a matter to be mentioned only in a whisper and not in the presence of her parents. She was a tall, handsome girl with blue eyes, blonde hair, perfect teeth and complexion, and almost a perfect figure. Here she was, at last, brought up to the point of a coming out party.

IT had been a curious and rather unfortunate bringing up that the girl had suffered. She had been the pride of a mother's heart and the occupier of that position is apt to achieve great success in supplying a mother's friends with topics of conversation. Phyllis had been flattered and indulged. Mrs. Bing was entitled to much credit, having been born on the bulk beer level "with a tin pail in her hand," in the slang of the street. She was pretty and grew up with a longing for better things. J. Patterson got her at a bargain in an Albany department store where she stood all day behind the notion counter. "At a bargain," it must he said, because, on the whole, there were higher values in her personality than in his. She had acquired that common Berlin Clay habit of associating with noble lords who lived in cheap romances and had a taste for poor but honest girls. The practical J. Patterson hated that kind of thing. But his wife kept a supply of these highly flavored novels hidden in the little flat and spent her leisure reading them.

One of the earliest recollections of Phyllis was the caution, "Don't tell father!" received on the hiding of a book. Mrs. Bing had bought, in those weak, pinching times of poverty, extravagant things for herself and the girl and gone in debt for them. Collectors had come at times to get their money with impatient demands.

The Bings were living in a city those days. Phyllis had been a witness of many interviews of the kind. All along the way of life, she had heard the oft repeated injunction, "Don't tell father!" She came to regard men as creatures who were not to be told. When Phyllis got into a scrape at school, on account of a little flirtation, and Mrs. Bing went to see about it, the two agreed on keeping the salient facts from father.

A DRESSMAKER came after Phyllis arrived to get her ready for the party. The afternoon of the event, J. Patterson brought the young people of the best families of Hazelmead by special train to Bingville. The Crookers, the Witherills, Professor and Mrs. Renfrew and a number of the most popular students in the Normal School were also invited. They had the famous string band from Hazelmead to furnish music and Smith—an impressive young Englishman—whom they had brought from New York on their last return.

Phyllis wore a gown which Judge Crooker described as "the limit." He said to his wife after they had gone home; "Why, there was nothing on her back but a pair of velvet gallowses and when I stood in front of her my eyes were scared."

"Mrs. Bing calls it high art," said the Judge's wife.

"I call it down pretty close to sea level," said the Judge, "When she clinched with those young fellers and went waltzing around the room she reminded me of a grape vine growing on a tree."

This reaction on the intellect of the Judge quite satisfies the need of the historian. Again the Old Spirit of Bingville had received notice. It is only necessary to add that the punch was strong and the house party over the week end made a good deal of talk by fast driving around the country in motor cars on Sunday and by loud singing in boats on the river and noisy play on the tennis courts. That kind of thing was new to Bingville.

When it was all over, Phyllis told her mother that Gordon King—one of the young men—had insulted her when they had been out in a boat together on Sunday. Mrs. Bing was shocked. They had a talk about it up in Phyllis' bedroom at the end of which Mrs. Bing repeated that familiar injunction. "Don't tell father!"

It was soon after the party that Mr. J. Patterson Bing sent for William Snodgrass, the carpenter. He wanted an extension built on his house containing new bedrooms and baths and a large sun parlor. The estimate of Snodgrass was unexpectedly large. In explanation of the fact the latter said: "We work only eight hours a day now. The men demand it and they must be taken to and from their work. They can get all they want to do on those terms."

"And they demand six dollars and a half a day at that? It's big pay for an ordinary mechanic," said J. Patterson.

"There's plenty of work to do," Snodgrass answered. "I don't care the snap o' my finger whether I get your job or not. I'm forty thousand ahead o' the game and I feel like layin' off for the summer and takin' a rest.

"I suppose I could get you to work overtime and hurry the job through if I'm willin' to pay for it?" the millionaire inquired.

"The rate would be time an' a half for work done after the eight hours are up but it's hard to get anyone to work overtime these days."

"Well, go ahead and get all the work you can out of the plutocrats of the saw and hammer. I'll pay the bills," said J. Patterson.

The terms created a record in Bingville. But, as Mr. Bing had agreed to them, in his haste, they were established.

Israel Sneed, the plumber, was working on a job at Mifflin Corners but he took on the plumbing for the Bing house extension, at prices above all precedent, to be done as soon as he could get to it on his return. The butcher and grocer had improved the opportunity to raise their prices for he never questioned a bill. Mifflin set the pace. Prices stuck where he put the peg. So, unwittingly, the millionaire had created conditions of life that were extremely difficult.

SINCE prices had gone up the village of Bingville had been running down at the heel. It had been at best and, in the main, a rather shiftless and inert community. The weather had worn the paint off many houses before the owners had seen the need of repainting. Not until the rain drummed on the floor was the leakage of any interest in Bingville roused to action on the roof. It must be said, however, that everyone was busy, every day, except Hiram Blenkinsop, who often indulged in *ante mortem* slumbers in the graveyard or went out on the river with his dog Christmas, his bottle and his fishing rod. The people were selling goods, or teaming, or working in the two hotels or the machine shop or the electric light plant or the mill, or keeping the hay off the lawns, or building, or teaching in the schools. The gardens were suffering unusual neglect that season—their owners being so profitably engaged in other work—and the lazy foreigners demanded four dollars and a half a day and had to be watched and sworn at and instructed ,and not every one had the versatility for this task. The gardens were largely dependent on the spasmodic industry of school boys and old men. So it will be seen that the work of the community had little effect on the supply of things necessary to life. Indeed, a general habit of extravagance had been growing in the village. People were not so careful of food, fuel and clothing as they had been.

It was a wet summer in Bingville.

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The Petal-Texture of Baby's Skin

AN apple tree in Spring glimmers with pink and white petals that fall in rosy showers or sway in clouds of bloom. There is nothing of fresher, more innocent beauty in the world, except—

Yes, a Baby! That tree might be the Tree of Life. Babies are like those blossoms. Or think of a rose-garden in the summertime. The tiny hands and feet of a baby are like those silken-soft, uncrumpling petals.

But, after all, a Baby is not a fairy, but an intensely sensitive little human organism that demands constant care and protection, needs plenty of healthful sleep, and is subject to tortures of physical irritation during its first years.

Also, there is nothing more helpless in nature. Even flowers are adapted to their environment and can protect themselves from the elements.

The first dictate of common-sense to the mother is care of that delicate, flower-soft baby skin by using constantly a soft talcum powder. The rest of the family may take a fancy to baby's talcum. They usually do. But make them buy their own MENNEN'S. And remember that MENNEN'S is the powder you want for Baby. It was the original Borated Talcum and there is nothing just like it for skin-comfort.

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JOSEPH H. DODSON, Pres. *American Audubon Ass'n.*
771 Harrison Block, Fort Dearborn Station, Chicago, Ill.

The day after the rains began, Professor Renfrew called at the house of the sniffy Snodgras—the nouveau riche and opulent carpenter. He sat reading the morning paper with a new diamond ring on the third finger of his left hand.

"My roof is leaking badly and it will have to be fixed at once," the Professor announced.

"I'm sorry, I can't do a thing for you now," said Snodgrass. "I've got so much to do, I don't know which way to turn."

"But you're not working this rainy day, are you?" the Professor asked.

"No, and I don't propose to work in this rain for anybody; if I did I'd fix my own roof. To tell you the truth, I don't have to work at all! I calculate that I've got all the money I need. So, when it rains, I intend to rest and get acquainted with my family."

He was firm but in no way disagreeable about it.

Some of the half dozen men who, in like trouble, called on him for help that day were inclined to resent his declaration of independence and his devotion to leisure, but really Mr. Snodgrass was well within his rights.

It was a more serious matter when Judge Crooker's plumbing leaked and flooded his kitchen and cellar. Israel Sneed was in Millerton every day and working overtime more or less. He refused to put a hand on the Judge's pipes. He was sorry but he couldn't make a horse of himself and even if he could the time was past when he had to do it. Judge Crooker brought a plumber from Hazelmead, sixty miles in a motor car, and had to pay seventy dollars for time, labor and materials. This mechanic declared that there was too much pressure on the pipes, a judgment of whose accuracy we have abundant proof in the history of the next week or so. Never had there been such a bursting of pipes and flooding of cellars. That little lake up in the hills which supplied the water of Bingville seemed to have got the common notion of moving into the village. A dozen cellars were turned into swimming pools. Modern improvements were going out of commission. A committee went to Hazelmead and after a week's pleading got a party of young and inexperienced plumbers to come to Bingville.

"They must 'a' plugged 'em with gold," said Deacon Hosley, when the bill arrived.

New leaks were forthcoming, but Hiram Blenkinsop conceived the notion of stopping them with poultices of white lead and bandages of canvas bound with fine wire. They dripped and many of the pipes of Bingville looked as if they were suffering from sprained ankles and sore throats but Hiram had prevented another deluge.

The price of coal had driven the people of Bingville back to the woods for fuel. The old wood stoves had been cleaned and set up in the sitting rooms and kitchens. The saving had been considerable. Now, so many men were putting in their time on the house and grounds of J. Patterson Bing and the new factory at Millerton that the local wood dealer found it impossible to get the help he needed. Not twenty-five

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per cent of the orders on his books could be filled.

Mr. Bing's house was finished in October. Then Snodgrass announced that he was going to take it easy as became a man of his opulence. He had bought a farm and would only work three days a week at his trade. Sneed had also bought a farm and acquired a feeling of opulence. He was going to work when he felt like it. Before he tackled any leaking pipes he proposed to make a few leaks in the deer up in the Adirondacks. So the roofs and the plumbing had to wait.

Meanwhile, Bingville was in sore trouble. The ancient roof of its respectability had begun to leak. The beams and rafters in the house of its spirit were rotting away. Many of the inhabitants of the latter regarded the great J. Patterson Bing with a kind of awe—like that of the Shepherd of the Birds. He was the leading citizen. He had done things. When J. Patterson Bing decided that rest or fresh air was better for him, than bad music and dull prayers and sermons and that God was really not much concerned as to whether a man sat in a pew or a rocking chair or motor car on Sunday, he was, probably, quite right. Really, it was a matter much more important to Mr. Bing and his neighbors than to God. Indeed, it is not at all likely that the ruler of the universe was worrying much about them. But when J. Patterson Bing decided in favor of fun and fresh air, R. Purdy—druggist—made a like decision and R. Purdy was a man of commanding influence in his own home. His daughters, Mabel and Gladys, and his son, Richard, Jr., would not have been surprised to see him elected President of the United States, some day, believing that that honor was only for the truly great. Soon Mrs. Purdy stood alone—a hopeless minority of one—in the household. By much pleading and nagging, she kept the children in the fold of the church for a time but, by and by, grew weary of the effort. She was converted by nervous exhaustion to the picnic Sunday. Her conscience worried her. She really felt sorry for God and made sundry remarks calculated to appease and comfort Him.

(To be continued)

Better America

(Continued from Page 51)

were exciting matches between the high schools, for which the prize was a silver cup. The ice was good, the medals were attractive, the gallery was enthusiastic. What healthier and more interesting way could be found in which to spend a Saturday morning?

In the June Number we shall publish the prize winning stories submitted in the Better America contest.

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LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1333 Strongfort Institute Newark, N. J.

The Gasoline Knight

(*Continued from Page 23*)

tinsmith, was an intermittent traffic policeman. On Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays, he donned a uniform and waved his hand at automobiles on the state road. Officer Bulkley's favor was a splendid prize to hold out to aspiring youth.

"I can have a driver's license next year," exclaimed Gerry, partly in elation and partly through a natural desire to annoy her younger brother.

"Not unless you pass your examination with me. You haven't as yet."

"There now, Miss Smarty," said her brother.

But Gerry was to have her say three days later when the family with father at the wheel was celebrating the first day of vacation.

"Stop, father! You're penalized," Gerry shouted.

He turned to learn the nature of his crime. His daughter pointed out that he had carelessly or feloniously passed a sign marked "Hidden Entrance" without honking or stopping. Only a lucky chance, she said, had prevented someone from rushing out to destruction.

"Come on back here with the passengers," mother said. "Who said you were a driver?"

Gerry, as the accuser, was allowed to take the wheel and, though her brother watched her closely for faults, she kept her job to the end of the trip. "I didn't do it purposely," father whispered, "but I'm not sorry Gerry caught me. It's a good chance to hammer in the lesson."

"I feel perfectly safe with Gerry now," said mother.

"Yes, I fancy she is about ready for her diploma."

But Thad's chance was not far off. He had been trying exceptionally hard of late. The downfall of Lon Miller had sobered him and father's mistake of the other day had made him watchful. The day came when he was having his turn and was keeping out of trouble in a nervous kind of way.

THE Baby Blitz was proceeding at twenty-five miles an hour along a straight country road when it came within sight of a delivery car stopping in front of a house on Thad's right hand and incidentally facing the wrong way. Father watched the boy out of a corner of his eye but made no suggestion. Thad's action was automatic; he slowed down and started cautiously to feel his way around the obstacle. At that moment, a little child toddled out from behind the butcher's truck and, utterly wrapped up in its own affairs, started to cross the road. Thad put on both brakes and the car, thanks to the low speed, stopped instantly with two feet to spare. A frightened mother, who had been standing at the rear of the butcher truck, dragged the child back to safety.

"Well done!" said father proudly.

"Splendid!" mother exclaimed. "Now, I want to get out a minute and talk to the mother.

Thad drew ahead and parked at the side of the road in a workmanlike manner.

"His name seems to be Tham," said mother upon her return. "He is four years old and considerable of a darling. He is also going to have lunch with me one of these days. There are some toys in the attic—let me see—"

Thad didn't wait to learn exactly what old toys were to be bestowed upon the infant; he had a task to perform and he was eager to be at it—more eager than he had ever been for anything. Something had happened to him; in a flash he had acquired confidence; it was as if all his faculties had come together with a click. He knew now that he was the master of this game. He knew it as a swimmer knows when he first feels his buoyancy, or a ball player when the hit is square and clean; or the orator when he feels the first sympathetic throb of his audience. There came to him suddenly one of the highest of all joys, that of doing the job, whatever it is, to the last ounce of perfection. This feeling entered into Thad and dominated him, ran out through his fingers, his toes, into the steering wheel, the brakes, the gears, the engine. Now he was a human unit of speed on the clear highway, now two ball-playing boys caused complete suspension of activities. Down into the town he drove, threading his way amid Saturday traffic, confident, cautious, calculating, past Officer Bulkley whose permissive wave was half a salute, then five more blocks with three careful turns, up the driveway with a mischievous moment of muffler cutout just to tell the world about it, then suddenly the engine was deftly shut off and the car silently glided to a stop at the front door.

"O-o-oh! Joy!" said Gerry fervently.

"Any time that you are going out driving, I wish you would let me know," said mother. "You are good enough for me!"

That night the family indulged in a special ceremony in honor of the motor majority of its younger half. Father called it "conferring the gasoline knighthood," and he "dubbed" them both with an almost unnecessarily sharp whack on the shoulders.

"You will rescue pedestrians in distress, and keep the highway safe for little children."

"I'm thinking of little Tham," said mother, "snug in bed by this time with all his arms and legs and every hair on his curly head."

Thad thought the situation was getting a little too sentimental.

"Sam is the first pedestrian on my score card," he said.

"Pedestrian," mother repeated. "Isn't that a pretty long name for such a short boy?"

Health

(*Continued from Page 56*)

passage of the tubercle bacilli through the blood stream, as likewise infections of the appendix and gall-bladder are often traced to primary foci of infection in the gums or tonsils. With all these facts in mind, the "purification of the blood" takes on a less simple aspect!

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The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

The ULTONA
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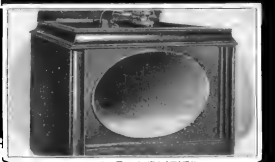

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So long as nearly one-third of the children born in India die before their second year our own children are not secure.

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE 124 East 28th Street, New York City

Bringing Up the Booth Boys

(*Continued from Page 53*)

the boys in turn which was higher, a mayor or an alderman. He asked what a jail was; what whiskey was; what moonshine was; why some darned fools drink whiskey, and why others object to their doing it. It was a Catechism on the World's Work, you might say.

After dinner, the boys followed Elias up to his little tool-shop and Elias said: "Get that partition in the wood shed fixed up by three o'clock. And five cents bonus if you don't waste a single board!"

You should have seen them go at it! There was a little quarrel over who should have the pleasure of using the best cross-cut saw and a sharp difference of opinion as to how certain boards should be cut. But Elias didn't notice it. He let the bunch work out its own salvation. This job done, well before three o'clock. Elias sent the two youngest boys off to play and put the two big ones at the churn. By four o'clock butter was all out of the way and the churn cleaned; and the sturdy young farmers were free to do whatever they liked until half-past six.

And what do you suppose they chose to do? Play ball and seek? Go fishing? Not at all! They hustled up to the wagon shed and there they tinkered over an old fourth-hand gas engine that Elias had bought for them. With only a correspondence-school book to guide them, those youngsters were toiling to bring the breath of life back into the old wreck.

"That's a mean trick," Elias," said I. "Those poor kids'll work themselves sore and stiff over that piece of junk and then not get it in shape to use—"

"Oh, you don't get the idea," said Elias. "I'm giving them that old wreck on the same principle that they give medical students material to cut up.

"How'd they ever come to be so interested in gas engines?" I asked. "Why is it that they don't go fishing? There's mighty fine pickerel down in Dill Glen Brook—"

"Why, I've got a hunch," answered Elias, "that they think differently from the Dill Glen boys.

"Man!" I cried. "You're a revolutionist. If you spread this notion, you'll wreck our public school system!"

"No, I won't," Elias retorted. "I'm a revolutionist and no mistake. But I won't wreck the public schools. On the contrary, I'd make them do what they can do; what they ought to do, and what some day they will do."

"What's that?"

"Just two things. "One is teaching kids who can't be taught the three R's and such like at home. You'll find three classes of unfortunates in the homes of this country. There are the mothers who are too selfish to give time to their children.

"Then there's the second class of unfortunates—the mothers who are so poor that they have to give part of their time to earning money. They can't

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teach their children, poor things! They're worn out looking after their housework and their outside labor. And, believe me, this home teaching is real work, though it is fun. That's why we run it only three days a week.

"That's too little time." I rashly ventured.

"Figure it out and you'll find that each of my boys gets from ten to forty times as much actual instruction in a year as any boy at the Dill Glen School. What's more, we run our teaching twelve months of the year. My boys will finish High School three years earlier than any Dill Glen boy and they'll know a heap more too."

"I surrender!" I said feebly, after some head work in arithmetic. "Now for this revolution of yours! Go on!"

"There's a third class of unfortunate mothers. They're the ones who are too ignorant to instruct their young. We've got an awful number of them in America. Look at the Army Draft Board's discovery of illiteracy—among native Americans as well as the foreign born! It's terrible. This country's got twenty years of the hardest A B C and three R's work ahead of it, just to cure that evil. There's a job that'll tax our public school system to the limit. It's one more reason why I say every mother who is competent to teach her own offspring ought to do it. We've got to lighten the school teacher's burdens in a hurry or else we'll have no decent teachers left."

"I guess that's right." I admitted. "But now tell me the rest of your notion. You say there are two things our schools ought to do. One is to teach the children of mothers who can't or won't do their duty. What's the other?"

"There's one thing that the home can't teach better than a school. That's public spirit, the sense of the common weal." Elias mused. "I wish I knew how to plan a school, so's to train boys and girls to be citizens. I don't. I'm just a plain farmer. But you mark my words! The next revolution in this land of ours is going to come when people wake up to the fact that the chief business of their schools isn't to teach the three R's at all but to teach morals and social affairs. The men who understand schools and teaching will then find some way to put the three R's back into the homes, where they belong, and leave the Miss Hawkinses free to make citizens of our young. Believe me, when that revolution comes, there won't be any Reds in sight waving the red rags of rebellion!"

All this took place more than a year ago. It set us fellows on the school committee thinking hard. We checked up on Elias' private school. We got him to send his boys over to Miss Hawkins one day when she was holding a spelling-down, and learned if the Booth kids didn't win it. We had Miss Hawkins give them a stiff examination in arithmetic, too, and her eyes popped when she read their answers.

"I wish everybody'd teach their children that way!" Miss Hawkins sighed. "Think of the time I'd have to teach other things!"

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Where There's A Will

(*Continued from Page 47*)

of America toward social justice and the reading of the Bible in the light of the twentieth century. For it had become quite plain to him that faith without works was as dead in the twentieth century as it was in the first.

Only by giving active leadership to the conscience of the social movement could the modern church justify itself.

In Newark, he soon found himself plunged into a great liquor fight, rather to his astonishment and somewhat to the detriment of his great aim, but all in an inevitable manner. There are few people in New Jersey, indeed, who do not remember the great liquor fights there in the first fifteen years of this century when the brewery interests entrenched themselves behind the slogan of personal liberty and played politics fast and loose in an attempt to throw the dust over their contracts with their saloon-keepers, while the citizens of the State exposed the whole slimy business of side doors and profits and disorderly houses and bribery down in Trenton, the State capital.

McDowell went through all that, went through it even to the point of offering his resignation to his church at one time, went through it finally even to helping to start an independent citizens' ticket and fighting many of his best friends. He knew what "personal liberty" had meant in his own case, as a slogan against the restriction of child labor. He knew it every time he looked at his empty sleeve.

Through it all, nevertheless, he never lost sight of his ultimate goal, never ceased turning his experiences to account. And these experiences were many—service on the grand jury, unearthing police scandals, and investigations of bad social and industrial conditions. Through them all, he never ceased working for the attainment of that church he had glimpsed in the years gone by in Detroit. It is impossible to give here the names of the men who helped him; to recount all the fine things the men in his church did for him; impossible to tell all the failures and successes that yet built steadily towards the winning of his goal.

Enough to say here, that one day in nineteen-ten, at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches in Atlantic City, the victory came. It was thirty-two years, almost to a month, since the day the coal-car ran him down in the murk of the mine. In the Assembly, he presented the Social Creed for the Presbyterian Churches of America. And the Assembly adopted it. At Chicago, four years later, the Assembly reaffirmed it and to-day there is scarcely a church in the country which has not felt its effects.

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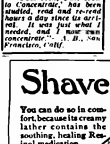

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Red Cross Magazine

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Some Features of the May Number

"SEVEN MONTHS WITH A SHOVEL"

THIS is the story of how Whiting Williams, vice president of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Cleveland, learned the viewpoint of Labor. Mr. Williams spent seven months living, working, and tramping with the unskilled laborer. He had many varied experiences in boarding houses of the coal regions and in industrial towns, out of which he has drawn some vivid pictures. What Mr. Williams has to say about the underlying causes of industrial unrest comes from the very source.

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THE child that has a special fondness for music, that loves to draw pictures, that spends an extraordinary time over things mechanical, is a "gifted child." Angelo Patri, America's most famous schoolmaster, shows that the school owes it to the Nation to develop the particular talent of every child. But the school fails to do so, and because of this, we may be throwing a Beethoven, a Michael Angelo, or an Edison into the discard every day.

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THE three Surgeons-General of the United States Army, Navy and Public Health Service advise you every month in the Red Cross Magazine on how to keep your health if you have it and how to regain it if you have lost it.

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war when he served in the camps and industries of the nation, going from camp to camp and from plant to plant. And he is doing it at this moment from the building on Fifth Avenue whence he directs the activities of his church all over the country.

The symbolism of the torch, indeed, expresses his idea almost exactly. He gives no program to the teachers and clergymen and labor leaders who come to consult with him. He says what he said recently to the pastor of a great Atlantic Seaboard church, who came to him in despair asking for a definite plan to guide him through the intricacies of modern social industrial problems.

"A program?" he asked with that Scotch twinkle of his. "My dear man, you must know your community better than I do—because I know nothing about it!"

The pastor admitted he did.

"You must know the principles of your faith, too, I assume," again with the twinkle.

Yes, the pastor admitted he knew them.

"Then turn on the light!" said McDowell passionately. "Hold the light here, hold it there, inform yourself, inform your community, and apply your Christianity fearlessly! That's better than any set plan I can give you! You wouldn't want me to rob you like that!"

At the present moment, McDowell thinks that the biggest task confronting us is that of Christianizing industry. The war has broadened and deepened the democratic current in modern life. It has also helped to demonstrate the unity underlying all human relations. The problem of labor and capital is no longer one which concerns only, or even mainly, these two essential parties to production. As never before, it is a community problem, and a national problem, and an international problem —in a word, the problem of humanity. If present day industry is to serve humanity, he thinks its attitude must be changed from one of fear to one of faith. Antagonism, coercion and resistance must yield to a new order based upon mutual confidence, real justice and constructive goodwill. The democracy which will do this must be something more than a mere form. It must be a real spirit of justice and brotherhood upheld and strengthened by the church. So far as he is concerned, the time has come when the Church must make it perfectly clear to all men that she stands for an industrial order in which a man will get all he earns and earn all he gets, for a state of society in which no man will live on the fruits of another man's labor, and no man will be denied the fruits of his own.

That is his Social Creed.

Personally, he is living it, and has lived it. He is fifty years old to-day. He hasn't much money, only enough to support a wife and child very simply. But he has a host of friends and a regiment of exactly the sort of enemies, a hard hitting, fearless Scotsman loves to have. Perhaps a final story will illustrate that fearlessness.

All through the war he told his congregation at Baltimore—when he could

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reach them!—just one thing:

"God pity the man who comes out of this war with more money than when he went in!"

One day in nineteen-eighteen, he met an old friend of his in a New England city who was rolling up money at a tremendous rate out of war contracts.

"Hello, Jack," said his friend. "What are you worth?"

McDowell stared at him for a minute.

"Which do you mean, Bill?" he asked. "How much I'm worth, or how much I've got?"

His friend laughed a little awkwardly.

"I've been thinking of contributing some money to you," he said.

"That's what I'm up here for," rejoined McDowell.

"I made fifty thousand last month," his friend said proudly. "I'm giving away a fifth! How's that for you this month?"

"What's the matter with giving the rest of it, Bill?" he inquired. "The boys in France aren't getting rich. You better give it all or your conscience will die."

His friend looked at him strangely.

"Aren't you a little hard on an old friend, John?" he inquired.

McDowell straightened up with a laugh.

"I'd be a mighty poor preacher, and a mighty poor friend if I wasn't!" he said. "I'll look for your check in the morning, Bill!"

That is John McDowell's way.

Where the industrial problem is concerned, his last outside job is membership on the Interchurch Industrial Commission investigating the steel strike. It has only served to convince him anew of the eternal truth of his conclusion that it is a human, personal problem—and that the solution, like the approach, must be along human, personal lines.

The Social Creed that he helped to draw up ten years ago still stands to-day just as it was. What is more, John McDowell is still living it to-day just as he lived it ten years ago.

Meanwhile, the influence and power of his example is spreading in wider and wider circles all over the country.

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The Public Schools Are Falling Down

(*Continued from Page 15*)

The poor things mean well. But they should never be turned loose upon unsuspecting children and they should at least be armed for the battle against youthful initiative as well as ignorance. They cost the children of the nation too much.

Is this generation to lose the contact with the fine minds, the fine characters, the idealists of the country?

Are the children to be cheated out of their heritage for a few pieces of silver?

We think not. America will bring the Public Schools to her consciousness and calls to their support as she always has done. She must? She will! We have faith in her judgment and her rightness.

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Why Not Do As Saginaw Does

(*Continued from Page 25*)

week, and an industrious, self-respecting family faces the future with an assurance of security. That is what civilian relief means to Mr. Smith. Playing brother to the man who is up against it, helping him over a bump in the road, making him feel that it is a privilege to be allowed to help. This is patriotism in the highest degree. It is the conservation and building up of true citizenship.

"How did it all come about? Why are not all the other chapters doing work like this? The reason is not far to seek. In Mr. Smith's office, you are shown the whole plan of campaign, the practical, efficient plan of a trained business mind. The executive committee of the Chapter is made up of five men: Saginaw's Mayor, who is also Commissioner of Public Health; the President of the Board of Education; the President of the Welfare Board, which finances all the hospital and charitable institutions in the City; the man who was Fuel Administrator during the war and during the recent strike; and the Chapter Chairman, who had been President of the Associated Charities Board until his work in Red Cross left him no time for anything else. All are men of big affairs, who are giving to Red Cross administration all the efficiency that comes of long business experience.

You will not dare to suggest to Mr. Smith that the Red Cross is an Emergency organization, and that there is no need for it in peace times. So long as anyone is hungry, or sick, or unhappy; so long as one child is not being properly educated; so long as people are not getting all the happiness in life which it is possible for them to get, just so long is the Red Cross needed. Mr. Smith remembers, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Fightin' the Blindness

(*Continued from Page 30*)

seen dolls, or toys, though they know what "poppets" and "play-pritties" are. Miss Neville always takes a box of toys with her when she goes to the clinic and the toys and the instruments often travel together in the same saddle bag.

The hardships and discouragements of a life spent in helping the blind are many, but Miss Neville goes on year after year.

"I don't understand why there is so much misery and disease and wretchedness," she said recently; "but it is not necessary to understand it. All that's necessary is to help. And that's what we're all doing, the people, the state, the Government, and the Red Cross. And in the end we're going to lift the 'trouble' that hangs like smoke over the beautiful Kentucky mountains!"

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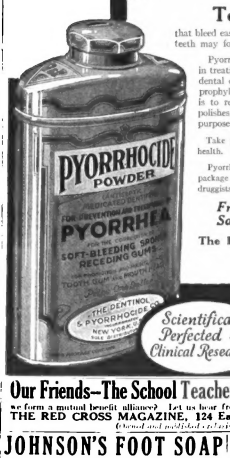

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March of the Red Cross

(*Continued from Page 61*)

the sanitary cordon which has been established on all the frontiers.

That the Poles appreciate this effort was made plain by the President of the Polish Diet at the first sitting of that body in 1920:

"Army Headquarters and the Commissariat of the Polish Red Cross authorize me to inform you," he said, "that the activities of the American Red Cross have reached an unusual scale. Realizing the danger of the infectious diseases which torment our border populations, the American Red Cross is organizing six sanitary columns for the purpose of fighting typhus. The columns will visit those regions infested by typhus, and most in need of medical aid, introducing sanitation and at the same time supplying the hospitals and refugees on the borders with the necessary medical materials, clothing and food.

"The principal task of the American Red Cross, however, is the distribution of the materials and gifts sent Poland. Every hospital in the country, and every refugee has been given American Red Cross aid. The value of gifts distributed exceeds $5,000,000.

"We learned to know the magnanimity of the American nation when, with an energy unexampled in history, it undertook the struggle for the liberty of the world. The Polish Diet, through my lips, does homage to all those nameless American heroes who, in the name of brotherly love, in the name of Charity, are bringing help to the needy, fearless of labor, of pestilence and of death."

Time alone can tell if the fight will prove successful.

THE Red Cross unit recently sent to Budapest to help to alleviate the intense suffering there has been more fortunate. Once warehouse space had been obtained and work was begun in earnest to relieve the thousands of cases of distress, the situation rapidly cleared. Before the war, Budapest supported a Board of Charities that was modern in every respect. The Red Cross found this organization virtually intact but without supplies to distribute, and simply took it and its workers over bodily. All applications are handled personally by the staff of this board, under Red Cross direction. Each family is investigated, a record is kept, and the family is notified what day and hour it is to appear to be given the supplies which have been set apart for it. Every individual receiving Red Cross supplies signs for them. At the present moment, there are, all told, about one hundred and fifty people serving the Red Cross without any expense in the distribution of supplies in Budapest.

SIMILAR success has attended the Red Cross fortunes in the Balkans. In the comparatively stable countries like Roumania and Greece, the work

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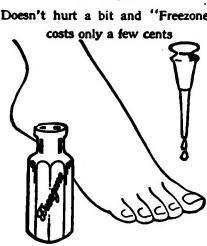

You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

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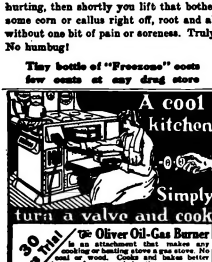

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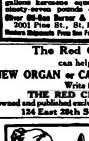

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has already been brought practically to a close. In Serbia, Montenegro and Albania, the Commission is still in active operation, although in general it has been able to turn its attention from the problems of general relief to the constructive health program described in these pages before. At this moment, that program is being carried out from eleven Serbian permanent medical centers, four Montenegrin ones, and four Albanian ones. Evidence abounds that the local governments will have sufficient popular support to carry on the work when the Red Cross finally withdraws.

Every soldier who has received an artificial leg or arm from the Red Cross factory; every university student who has been able to attend school this year because the Red Cross barracks gave him the only place in which he could lay his head in overcrowded Belgrade; every refugee who had help on the long, homeward trail; every mother whose baby was saved by a Red Cross nurse or doctor; every person who was treated or helped in a Red Cross dispensary or hospital—all these will help in carrying on the program and so will their families and friends.

In so far as Europe offers any problem to the Red Cross at the moment, indeed, that problem is the Russian one, with its attendant difficulties, in South Russia, the Baltic States and Poland. It is probable that before long most of the thousand Red Cross workers still in Europe will be concentrated in these areas. At the present moment their distribution is as follows: France, 28; Albania, 65; Czecho-Slovakia, 3; Greece, 5; Italy. 29; Montenegro, 44; Vienna, 12; Poland, 131; Rumania, 29; Serbia, 96; West Russia, 54; South Russia, 25; England, 5.

IN Washington, meanwhile, the national machine is readjusting itself for the long battle which lies ahead of us in this country. The latest realignment of the Red Cross forces is in the direction of a Red Cross Service which will be best fitted to cope with the great variety of community problems developing in various towns and cities all over the United States.

It is a service which will not only present the Red Cross peace program but furnish the means necessary to carrying it out in those communities which are either not properly equipped or are not in possession of enough of the facts about their own towns to make practical the extension of Red Cross work to peace problems. A definite method of attack on local problems will be presented and all the resources of the National Red Cross placed at the disposal of Red Cross people in any community no matter how small. It marks the beginning of a new, definite kind of Red Cross Service in America.

IN line with this is the recent taking over by the Red Cross of the foreign language information service —a service of incalculable value in that fight for American ideals which lies ahead of us.

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When you see red blood escaping you know your vitality is escaping with it, and you promptly stop the flow.

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